THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 50

IT WILL BE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Some day, some day it will be,
Oh, gentle one, pure heart,
In God's garden we shall dwell,
Never again to drift apart.

It will be, tender, trusting, tired one,
That Happiness will come our way,
And link us in Love's firm deathless clasp,
Never again to pass away.

The Rose and Thorn

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," "ONLY ONE LOVE,"

PROLOGUE.

GRAFTON HALL was the great house of Clinton, and for more than two hundred years the Graftons had been the great people of the place.

For the last three generations the family had "taken a turn," its members displaying a reckless extravagance the like of which the old house had never seen before. They lived in open defiance of Mr. Micawber's golden rule for the maintenance of solvency. Year after year they allowed their expenditure to exceed their income, and although this course did not result in immediate bankruptcy, as it would have done with poorer people, still there were many anxieties and difficulties, which took the form of mortgages, bonds, timber-sales, etc.

The third extravagant head of the house was Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton, who had been a widower ever since he was twenty-three, Mrs. Felix Ponsonby Grafton having died immediately after she had done her duty to the family, by providing it with an heir in the direct line.

Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton did not marry again, possibly because he thought the Grafton estate was only equal to supporting himself. Indeed, with his love of play and betting, his extravagant taste for wine and horseflesh, and his great desire to enjoy himself in this world, he found that the already crippled revenues of the Grafton domain were not nearly enough for even that purpose. So the little heir, Philip Ponsonby Grafton, having an intensely selfish father and no mother, grew up among the servants at the Hall, with the family failings intensified by association with inferior natures, and the family virtues, already lamentably impaired from long neglect, absolutely extinct.

When old friends remonstrated with him on his injustice to his son, Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton would shrug his fashionably-clad shoulders, and vow he could not afford to send the boy to college, and there was an end to the matter. That he could read and write, that he knew the north from the south, that he could speak the Queen's English—all this the lad owed entirely to the disinterested kindness of the Clinton curate at the time, who managed to gain a little influence over the headstrong boy, and persuaded him to come to his rooms three days a week for instruction in such elementary subjects.

When Philip Grafton came of age there were no bonfires, no fireworks, no grand receptions of the county families in the drawing-rooms, and feasting of the tenantry in marquees on the lawns—there was no money to be spared for such unnecessary waste as this; but instead, there was a long and stormy interview between father and son—an interview in which the family lawyer took a most unwilling part, and which had for its object the cutting off of the entail. When the idea was first put into plain words the heir looked incredulous, and his face flushed from brow to chin.

"I don't think I quite understand you, sir!" he said, drawing himself up to his full height, as he glanced quickly from his father's placid handsome face to the lawyer's knitted brows and compressed lips. "Do you really mean that you wish me to resign all hopes of ever being the possessor of this place as my fathers have been before me for generation after generation?"

"My dear Philip," returned Mr. Grafton, in his most persuasive tones, "what an unpleasant way you have of putting things! Really I had not the least idea you had any affection for the place. What I want you to do is merely to sign certain deeds, in conjunction with me, which will facilitate my raising a large sum of money—of which you, of course, would have your share——"

"And in consideration of which I give up my heirship at once and for ever!" interrupted the young man impetuously. "I'm sorry to disoblige you, sir; but I can't do it! Why should I? You've never done anything for me since I was born. In all the twenty-one years of my life you have never given a thought to me or my welfare until now, when I am a responsible agent. And you have the audacity, after all these years of disgraceful neglect, to ask me to exercise my responsibility for the first time in enriching you at my own expense! I say, no—a thousand times no! As my answer is now, so will it always be!"

With these words, the young man picked up his cap off the table and walked quickly out of the room.

After this there was an awkward silence between Mr. Grafton and his lawyer, Mr. Blaine. Presently, when the latter raised his eyes from the contemplation of his finger-tips, he was shocked by the passionate vindictive look he saw on his client's face, for there was something revolting and unnatural in the thought that such a feeling as that look expressed should be entertained by a father for his own son.

Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton was white to his lips, and when he spoke his voice was tremulous with rage.

"He won't help me out of this hole—won't he? Very good! He wants the land after my death? Very good also! He shall have it, and I hope it will do him good! I swear to you, Blaine, he shall not have a farthing to work it with, or the means of raising the money, for I will sell every movable effect, every piece of timber!"

And he laughed a hard, bitter laugh.

"I am sorry things have come to an open rupture," said Mr. Blaine quietly, "although Mr. Philip has behaved just as I expected him to do; and I always thought and said it was an injustice to him. However, that is no business of mine. Now, what do you mean to do about these immediate payments?"

"Sell half my horses in town, and cut down every tree on the land that will bring anything."

Mr. Blaine shrugged his shoulders, knowing it was useless to protest, and shortly afterwards the two men returned to town.

About a week later Philip Grafton sold his best hunter, which he had broken in himself, and with the proceeds took himself off, no one knew where or for what purpose. Eighteen months afterwards the announcement of his death was forwarded to his father from Paris—addressed to him at Grafton Hall, and sent on thence to his chambers in London.

During these eighteen months, Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton had done his best, as far as the law allowed, to carry out his promise of denuding the land of everything on which it was possible to raise money, and at the time the news of his son's death reached him he was concluding an arrangement for the sale of some of the finest trees that remained on the estate.

In spite of his selfish life and his apparent heartlessness, he must have had some more tender feeling, after all, for the news of his son's death and the memory of their last parting so preyed upon his mind that he sank into a low fever. The doctors said it was nothing serious, and advised change of air and scene; but he refused to act upon this advice.

He sat in his well-appointed rooms day after day and week after week, oblivious of everything around him. Every day he became a little weaker and more depressed, and, about six weeks later he quietly expired. The doctors were not surprised at his death.

"He was always wanting in stamina," they said, "and he had used up his constitution: in such cases the first breakdown is always likely to be serious."

So Mr. Blaine set about finding the heir of the estate, and, after some trouble, he discovered him in the person of a rich cotton-spinner in Manchester, a Mr. John Speight, who was second cousin to the late Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton.

After a time Mr. John Speight, a hard-featured, stern-looking man of about forty, brought his wife and his young family to Grafton Hall, and set about repairing the ravages caused by his cousin's extravagance.

The Clinton people took kindly to the Speights, though it seemed strange to them that there should be any one but a Grafton in possession of the Hall. Mr. Speight himself was the least popular member of the family.

In manner he was grave and ponderous, and the country people, in their dealings with him, missed the easy affability of the Graftons; and, though they knew well enough that this deep-voiced, slow-speaking man would be a far better landlord than Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton, that he would be more just, generous, and considerate than that pleasant-mannered gentleman had ever been, they still, in their unreasoning loyalty, sighed for the gracious smile and affable greeting which Mr. Grafton had bestowed upon the humblest of them, in lieu of more substantial benefits. Mrs. Speight, however, did not share her husband's unpopularity. She was a merry, happy-faced fair little woman, whose appearance gave one a general impression of chubbiness and bright-eyed cheerfulness, so that it was not surprising that she soon became a universal favorite, and found a warm place in the hearts of all on the Grafton estate.

CHAPTER I.

The Speights had been settled at Grafton Hall over three years, when a most unusual occurrence happened at Clinton. Mrs. Scott, the widow of an officer who had fallen in the Crimea, who lived in the little bay-windowed cottage at the park end of the village High Street, let her two spare rooms to a lady lodger.

The widow had several times received one of Mr. Gray's curates, and, on one occasion, an artist, who had spent his summer outing in sketching some of the "lovely bits" in and around Clinton, had stayed in her house for two months; but this was the first lady lodger she had ever taken.

As was natural, the event set the ladies' tongues wagging. Mrs. Gray, the Rector's wife, made some excuse for calling upon Mrs. Button, the doctor's wife, the morning after the stranger's arrival, in order to compare notes.

"Have you heard of Mrs. Scott's new lodger?" asked Mrs. Gray, as soon as the two ladies had exchanged the usual greetings.

"I was just hearing of it from Jane," replied Mrs. Button. "It seems she has come to stay some time, for Jane says she has brought an immense quantity of luggage; she saw the cart go up the back lane with it before I was up. Do you know who she is? Can we call on her?"

"Well," said Mrs. Gray cautiously, "Mr. Gray is going to call formally this afternoon, and we shall know more about it after he has been. She is a Frenchwoman, judging from her name—Madame Gaspard. What a blessing it would be if she turned out well, and gave a few lessons in the neighborhood! Mr. Speight and I were speaking about French lessons for Blanche only two days ago. I was suggesting that a few of us might combine to form a class, and have some one from Birmingham once or twice a week; it would fall so heavily upon one. Now if this Madame Gaspard should be a French lady, and not too well off, how conveniently it would fit in!"

It was a strange coincidence that the first subject introduced by Madame Gaspard, when Mr. Gray called upon her that afternoon, should have been this very matter of lessons.

"It is so kind of you to come and see me, Mr. Gray!" she said, in her pretty broken English. "Indeed, when my doctor advised me to spend the winter here on account of my health, he told me I should find the Warwickshire people warm-hearted and hospitable. And now, since you have been so good as to call on me, I am going to trespass upon your kindness and ask your help."

"I will do anything in my power, most willingly," returned Mr. Gray cordially.

To tell the truth, the parson had taken a great liking to the little Frenchwoman. She was so young to be alone in the world—she had told him she was a widow—and there was such a pleading look in her large dark eyes, that the prosperous, genial, middle-aged clergyman said no more than he felt when he told her he would do anything he could to serve her.

"What I am going to ask you will give you but little trouble; but to me it will be of great benefit," she went on, with a little nervousness in her manner. "The fact is, I am poor—very poor. Since my husband died, three years ago, I have been living on the money left me by my father. That money is now nearly all gone, and I have to think of some means of earning enough to keep me and my little Fernande"—she had a child then!—"and I am anxious to get some pupils to whom I can teach my own language. I am also a proficient in music and singing, if there be an opening for a teacher of those accomplishments."

And then, while Mr. Gray was expressing his willingness to help her to carry out her plans by every means in his power, a little girl came dancing into the room.

She was not much more than a baby, very pretty, with large gray eyes, a fat rosy face, and a tumbled mass of ruddy-brown hair falling in wavy confusion about her pretty neck. Mr. Gray was absurdly fond of little children—especially little girls—and he took up the elfin creature, placed her upon his knee, and exclaimed:

"Why, I think it must be a Dandie, with all this hair over its eyes!"

The child, parrot-like, always ready to catch up any fresh word, at once seized the new name and went on repeating:

"*C'est moi—Dandee! C'est moi, maman!*"

Even when she presently slipped off the clergyman's knee, she went to the window and tapped out a tune on the panes, to which she sang the same words.

So Madame Gaspard fitted herself into

her niche in the little Clinton circle, and, being a gentlewoman, from the crown of her head to the tips of her dainty French slippers, she would have been gladly welcomed on a footing of friendship by most of her pupils' parents, had she so chosen; but she preferred to give her lessons and leave immediately they were finished.

All social invitations she declined, politely but firmly, and, if she accidentally met any of her employers out of doors, though her manner was graciousness itself, there was a certain air of reserve about her that marked her consciousness of their relative positions as employer and employed, and her determination to maintain them.

The Grays formed the only exception to her rule. The three big girls at the Parsonage had taken a violent fancy to baby Fernande, and the little one returned their affection so spontaneously, was so happy with them, seemed to be so much brighter after spending an afternoon at the Rectory, that for very love of her child Madame was forced into a friendship with the rector's family.

Even with the Grays, however, she was very reserved about herself and her past and although she visited at the parsonage constantly for twelve years, Mrs. Gray knew no more of her early life at the end of that time than she did on the first day that Madame Gaspard crossed the threshold.

Strong as was Madame's determination not to make friends among her pupils' parents, it cost her much self denial to keep to her resolution in the case of Mrs. Speight. This kindly little lady's heart warmed towards the soft-voiced, sad-looking Frenchwoman, and, for the first few months of Madame's attendance at the Hall, she tried hard to be friendly with her. She waylaid her when the lessons were finished, and begged her to come into the drawing-room and have a chat and a cup of tea, and also sent her several invitations to dine with the family, all of which were declined.

On one occasion, when the two ladies were standing in the shadowy hall exchanging civilities, Mr. Speight came clanking past in his riding-boots, on his way to the stables. Mrs. Speight called him over to where she was standing and presented him to Madame.

He knew well enough who the little woman was, for Blanche had pointed her out as their new French teacher, when coming out of church a few Sundays before; and, though his manner was not absolutely discourteous, it was wanting in that subtle deference which a man generally assumes when he is presented for the first time to a lady.

Madame, accustomed to the elaborate politeness of her own countrymen, exaggerated this brusqueness into brutality, and at once conceived a violent dread of this big, loud-voiced, heavy-browed man, which she could never shake off. If she heard him speaking in the corridors when she was leaving, she would slip back into the school-room and wait in fear and trembling till he was gone—in fact, she would do anything to avoid meeting him.

During these twelve years of Madame's residence at Clinton, she became a recognized institution for miles round. Many of the county people who had resident governesses would engage her every year for their six or seven months' stay on their estates, not only for her French, but also for singing and music lessons, she being a superb player as well as an accomplished vocalist.

By this time, Dandie—the name by which she had insisted on being called when she was first taken to the parsonage, and which had clung to her ever since—had grown into a tall, willowy slip of a girl, and gave promise of inheriting all her mother's musical talent.

Madame Gaspard took great pains with the training of the girl's voice, developing its natural flexibility by every legitimate means. Indeed, she devoted so much attention to Dandie's singing that at last people began to wonder if she meant the girl to become a professional singer; but, whatever her intentions were, she confided them to no one.

Just at this time, when Dandie had turned fifteen, came the greatest sorrow that could possibly have befallen her—her mother died. Poor little Madame Gaspard caught a violent cold during one of her long autumnal walks, and neglected it.

Never very strong, the cold developed into pleurisy, and she was carried off very quickly. Before she died she entrusted a bundle of papers to Mr. Gray, telling him they were to be given to Fernande when she was twenty-one.

When the end was drawing near, Madame sent for the sorrowing girl and begged her to promise that in no circumstance whatever would she marry before she was of full age. The promise was given readily and earnestly, and Dandie was left an orphan.

Mrs. Gray's girls were married by now—all but the youngest, who was to become a wife at Christmas—and the kindly woman had promised Madame that she would look after Dandie as if she were her own daughter; indeed she would be glad to have the child, for the parsonage would seem lonely and empty enough when the last daughter had found a nest of her own. Therefore, after the funeral, Dandie and all her belongings, were taken across to her new home, and the sorrowful girl began to realize the difference that her mother's death was likely to cause in her life. She had been her mother's joy, and, kind though Mrs. Gray might be to her, she missed the warm demonstrative affection which she had received from her mother.

But Dandie was young, and succeeded in time in throwing off her grief and gradually become her own happy self again, though she was never quite so thoughtlessly merry as she had been.

* * * * * *

It was a warm afternoon in late spring. Dandie had done everything that was included in her list of duties for the day, and felt at liberty to enjoy herself for a while, until it should be time to go indoors and make the tea for Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

The rector and his wife had gone to call at the Hall, and were going to make a long round of visits on their way home, so they would be tired; but they could not be at home for an hour yet, so Dandie put on her large hat, and took her book down to the summer-house, whence she could watch for a good half-mile the road by which they must come.

She found it almost warmer out of doors than in, and she pushed her hat off her head as if its weight were too much for her, allowing it to fall down her back, suspended by its ribbons. She was not out of her mourning yet, though crape had been laid aside, and the simple perfectly-fitting black gown made the purity of her skin more noticeable by contrast. The sunlight here and there pierced through the foliage that clothed the sides of the arbor, and, whenever it touched the girl's head, it lighted up the ruddy-brown hair which was still allowed to ripple about her shoulders. Mrs. Gray had suggested tucking it up more than once since the girl had been advanced to the dignity of long skirts; but Mr. Gray had declared he should not know his Dandie without her mane, and had begged that for home wear at all events, she might still let it hang loose. So it was only tucked under her little bonnet on Sundays; and all the week through it was about her shoulders, and formed a very becoming frame to the delicately pretty face.

Dandie was reading an attractive book, and, being only seventeen, she was keenly interested in the fate of the heroine. She leaned her pretty rounded elbows upon her knees, and her whole mind was bent upon the approaching crisis in the romance.

So absorbed was she that she did not hear a footstep on the other side of the garden hedge, and, when the gate was swung back and creaked, she looked up in a dazed manner at the tall young man who had just entered, as if she was not sure which was the fact and which was the fiction—he or the book.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, raising his hat as Dandie continued to stare at him in a dreamy way; "can you tell me if Mr. Grey is at home?"

Then Dandie roused herself and came out of her dream. She took her elbow off her knees, closed her book, and rose.

The tall young man was surprised at her height. He had thought she was only a child as she sat in the shady arbor; now he found she was a young woman.

"Mr. Gray is not at home just now," answered Dandie, going a step or two nearer to him: "but I expect both Mr. and Mrs. Gray will be back in less than half an hour. Would you like to wait?"

"Thank you—you're very kind—I hardly know," he stammered awkwardly, looking hard at the girl all the time. Then his countenance suddenly cleared, and he held out his hand as he said, "It is Dandie! I've been wondering who you were. I knew all the Gray girls were married—Blanche keeps me posted up in the news of the neighborhood—and, for the moment, I could not think who you were."

Dandie put her hand into his, seeing that he expected her to do so, and tried to look as if she were delighted to see him, wondering all the time who he could be. She had no recollection of having met this tall young man with the brown skin and the fair moustache before. Perhaps she would find out who he was from his conversation if she listened carefully.

"You have grown out of all knowledge, as the old ladies say, since I saw you last!" he went on. "How tall you are! I never could have believed you would grow up so tall. How you hated me in those days! I hope we shall be better friends now. You won't bear me any grudge for my past misdeeds, I hope, Dandie—or perhaps I ought to say Miss Gaspard. I am quite a reformed character now, I assure you."

"I am glad of that!" said Dandie, thinking it the right thing to say when a young man told her he was a reformed character, and still busily wondering where he had come from and what was his name.

He laughed pleasantly, and Dandie noticed what nice teeth he had, and how good-tempered he looked.

"That is as much as to say there was room for reformation," he continued. "Well, I must submit to the insinuation with as good grace as I can, for I know I was an awful young cub in the old days, so I cannot expect you to take me on trust. But, if you are not glad to see me, I am to see you—very glad. It has been quite a pleasant surprise, coming upon you like this."

He paused for a moment, and then went on, with a glance at her black gown:

"I heard of your sad loss. It must have been doubly terrible for you; your mother was all you had in the world."

Dandie's lip quivered a little as she answered:

"Yes; when she went I lost everything at once; and though Mrs. Gray is as kind as ever she can be, and treats me exactly as if I were her own daughter, still no one is ever like one's own dear mother."

"Of course not! I can quite understand that," returned the young man sympathetically. "I know there is no one in the world that I love so much as I do my mother."

He said this so sincerely that Dandie, though he was a stranger to her, felt quite a glow of liking for him, and instinctively put out her hand and said, "Thank you!" looking up at him frankly; but there was an expression in his eyes that again made her suddenly conscious of the awkwardness of the situation, and she felt flurried.

"It is very rude of me to keep you out here in the sun," she said hastily. "Won't you come in and wait for Mr. Gray?"

"I don't think I will to-day," he replied, looking at his watch as he spoke. "I will call again; but of course I shall see you all at church on Sunday. I dare not wait longer or the mater will be in a ferment; she's awfully inclined to fuss over me just at first, you know, after my long absence, so I'll say good by for the present, Miss Gaspard." He lingered a little over the name, as if he hoped she would tell him to say "Dandie." "I shall stay now until after the 9th of July, so I hope we shall become very friendly, and I shall have earned your forgiveness for my past misdeeds before I go away again."

Dandie smiled and said good-bye, then stood at the gate watching him stride away down the dusty shadeless road.

What a tall fellow he was, and what a pleasant manner he had! She wondered who he could be. Now that he was gone she wished she had asked him his name outright; but it really would have been so very awkward, when a gentleman knew her well enough to call her by her Christian name, and was so delighted to see her, to tell him calmly that she did not know him.

So Dandie watched and wondered until at last the bend in the road hid him from view, and then, comforting herself with the thought that she would find out who he was on Sunday, she went indoors to see if everything was in "apple-pie" order for tea.

As she stood toasting a muffin for Mr. Gray's especial enjoyment, she heard the rector speaking to his wife in the hall. She ran with the muffin on her fork, to tell them of her mysterious visitor; but Mrs. Gray was herself was so full of news that Dandie had to wait her turn.

"Who do you think has returned?" cried Mr. Gray, as soon as he saw the girl. "We have had such a long talk over it! Mrs. Speight is so delighted. He was not expected for six weeks yet; but he came home last night and took them all by surprise. They have not seen him for four years, and Mrs. Speight says he is so changed that she did not know him—actually did not know her own son—until he spoke——"

"Of course!" interjected Dandie, suddenly enlightened. "It was John Grafton Speight! He has been here; he asked to see Mr. Gray. I stood at the gate talking to him for quite ten minutes and did not know him!"

"That is not very wonderful, since his own mother was in the same fix," observed Mr. Gray. "I'm vexed to miss him. Did he say what he wanted, Dandie?"

"No; he only said he wanted to see you."

"Go and finish your muffin, my dear; it will be as tough as leather."

"To think that I should not have remembered John Speight!" mused Dandie, as she went back to the kitchen fire. "He was right; I used to hate him awfully! What a mean tease he used to be to me! I remember how I used to dread being here on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when he came to read Greek with Mr. Gray. I wonder if he is as great a tease now?"

A smile crept round the girl's mouth as she remembered his promises of reformation that afternoon, and the kindly expression of his blue eyes as he had sympathized with her on her loss. No; on the whole she did not think he would take so much pleasure in worrying her now as he used to do.

When she took her plate of smoking-hot muffins into the dining-room, Mr. and Mrs. Gray were still speaking on the same subject.

"There are to be great doings, Dandie," said Mr. Gray, as he helped himself to a muffin. "Blanche wants you to go up to-morrow and spend the whole day with them. Mrs. Speight is no good at all, she says, in her present state of pleased excitement; and there are lists to be made out, scores of invitations to be filled in, for Mr. Speight is going to entertain the whole county during John's stay at home.

"How long will he remain?" asked Dandie.

"Well, he is sure to stay until after his coming-of-age celebration, and that is about seven weeks from now, I think."

"I remember he told me he should stay until after the ninth of July, and even then I did not imagine who he was! How awfully stupid of me!"

"He knew you then, Dandie?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Yes; he knew me almost from the first. He called me Dandie, and seemed so pleased to see me that I felt like a monster of ingratitude because I did not know him in return. You have not seen him yet. You will like him; he is tremendously improved, and he's quite a man in his ways. I never would have believed he was the boy who used to worry me so; he is so nice and kind, and he seems much more than twenty-one."

"That is the result of foreign travel and of mixing with the world. Nothing forms a person's manner so quickly. I dare say he looked upon you as a mere child still, Dandie."

The girl did not answer, but her cheeks reddened at the mere supposition, for she was tender on the subject of age. Then she remembered the slight stress he laid upon the word "Miss" when he bade her good-bye, and she felt comforted. If he had regarded her as a child he would hardly have been so ceremonious with her, she thought.

"I am glad he passed the examination so well," observed Mr. Gray presently. "Mr. Speight will be pleased too. Not that I ever doubted his doing so; he could have passed far stiffer examinations than any needed for the army. I always thought it was a pity to make a soldier of him; he was a lad of exceptional ability—and many of his good qualities will now lie fallow. I am always sorry when I see intellect wasted; there is not so much of it in the world that we can afford to throw any of it away."

Dandie thought this was a rather one-sided view of the question; but she was accustomed to hearing Mr. Gray express his opinions rather dogmatically, so she held her tongue. She would have liked, however, to say that she could not understand why a man, because he became a soldier, must of necessity give up all claim to rank as an intellectual being.

She was a very happy girl when she went to bed that night; she was going to spend a whole day at the Hall on the morrow, with her dear friend Blanche—for Blanche Speight had taken Dandie up warmly since Madame Gaspard's death—and she would most likely see John Speight, and be able to explain to him why she had been so unresponsive and chilling in her manner that afternoon, and then she would feel at peace with herself again.

She hoped he had not thought she was inclined to assume airs. She did so dislike stuck-up girls! She would rather be too familiar than too haughty.

And so she fell asleep, little knowing how attractive John Speight had found her shy nervousness, and how much he had dwelt upon it since.

CHAPTER II.

YOU dear good girl, to come so early!" cried Blanche, as she ran down the steps to meet Dandie. "Mrs. Gray promised she would send you off as soon as possible. There is such a host of things to do, dear, and so little time in which to do them. Fancy the dear boy's coming upon us unawares in that romantic fashion! The *mater* is in the seventh heaven of delight, and papa is just as pleased, although he will not show it. We'll go to the school-room at once and begin our work. If Jack once gets hold of us he'll keep us talking half the morning, and hinder us dreadfully. You saw him yesterday, didn't you? What do you think of him? He's almost nice looking with that wonderful moustache. You ought to admire him, Dandie, for he actually raved about you when he came home last night; and when I told him you would be here to-day, to help me with the invitations, he wanted to come and help too; but I would not have him at any price. I promised him a peep after luncheon-time though——"

"My dear," said Dandie, turning her back upon the chatterbox to hide her pink cheeks, and carefully smoothing out the fingers of her gloves, "you are doing the very thing that you thought poor Jack would do—wasting half the morning in talk. What is this heap of work we have to get through?"

"Here is the list of festivities, and here the sets of names for each of them. Papa and I arranged them all at breakfast-time, while mother and Jack did a little mutual worship. Three set dinners for the fogies, two big garden-parties, and a picnic; all to wind up with free and-easy dances in the evening for us youngsters, and two proper dances, with a band that is coming over from Birmingham. The second of the dances will be on the birthday-night. Papa said we might as well send the notes out for that while we are about it. Mr. Blaine and he will attend to the tenants' spread in the afternoon."

"Who is Mr. Blaine, Blanche?"

"The lawyer. He has been the lawyer to the Grafton estates for goodness knows how many years. Such a dear old man! I wonder you've never met him. He is coming down to-day, and you'll see him at luncheon-time. There is so much arranging to be done with regard to this coming-of-age business! What do you think papa's present is to be?"

"Something very gorgeous, I suppose," answered Dandie, stopping to listen, with her finger on the name she had reached in her list.

"It's better than gorgeous! He's going to make over the Briar Farm to him! You see it is not a part of the Grafton estate. Papa has bought it since he has been here: it is worth two hundred and fifty a year, and that is his present to his heir."

"What a nice one!" said Dandie. "I wish some fairy godmother would give me such another!"

"Why, Dandie, what would you do with such an income?"

"I don't know what I would do with it just now," returned Dandie slowly; "but it would be nice to know that it was there, ready for me when I wanted it. You know I am quite poor, Blanche. Mother left five hundred pounds behind her for me, and the interest of that pays for my frocks. I know that as long as Mr. Gray lives he won't let me go away from the parsonage; but I can't help thinking sometimes of what would happen if he were to die. I suppose I should have to go out as a governess, and the idea is hateful to me! Yet what else can a girl do?"

"Don't think about such horrible things, Dandie!" said Blanche, kissing her affectionately. "You are quite a princess of romance, my dear, surrounded by mystery as you are! Who knows who your people might turn out to be, if we could only find them? Princesses of romance don't go out as governesses, dear; the prince always comes along at the right moment, and carries her off to his magnificent castle, and they live happy ever after."

She spoke laughingly, but seeing that Dandie's face was still downcast, she continued:

"Well then, if that nonsense doesn't satisfy you, you shall come and live with me when my prince comes along, and do the filling in and finishing off of my fancy-work, and sing to me and the prince when we feel idle, and play all my difficult accompaniments for me."

"You are a dear old thing, Blanche, and it's a positive shame for me to worry you with my little troubles in the midst of your happiness; but this notion of my dependence has somehow grown upon me lately. I suppose as one gets older one thinks more. Now, not another word until that clock strikes one, except on business. See whose pile will be the highest."

The girls bent their heads and set to work in earnest. So intent did they become that the clanging of the luncheon-bell aroused them with a start.

Blanche laughed as they both looked up at one another.

"We have worked beyond our time, Dandie!" she cried. "What a pity we have not finished them; another hour would have done it."

"We'll come back after luncheon," said Dandie, as Blanche took her arm and they went off to the dining-room.

Jack eagerly came forward to meet them, and managed, when all the hand-shaking was over, to get Dandie seated next to him at the table. By this arrangement she was placed opposite to Mr. Blaine, a kind-looking old gentleman with snow-white hair.

Dandie was a little confused for the first few minutes at the table. Jack was so attentive and polite, and the servants kept claiming her attention; and then she was very anxious to explain the cause of her strange behavior of the day before, so she had no thought to bestow upon the other people.

By-the-bye however, before she had made her explanation, she discovered that the lawyer, Mr. Blaine, was watching her in a most marked manner. Once or twice she looked up and caught his eyes fixed steadily upon her face, at if he were examining its features. Dandie grew nervous under this scrutiny, she was in momentary fear that her food would choke her, her knife and fork felt too big for her fingers, and she felt extremely uncomfortable.

Mr. Blaine seemed to be quite unconscious of the distress he was causing her; but Jack noticed it, and, in reaching the salad-bowl from the middle of the table, he contrived to push a small maiden-hair fern in front of poor Dandie's burning face. She looked at him gratefully, and he whispered with a mischievious glance that vividly recalled to her memory the teasing boy of bygone times—

"You settled poor old Blaine at first sight. I never saw such a case."

"He made me wretched!" she replied. "Anyone would think he was trying to read my fortune in my face.

"If that were possible, it would be a fair one," said Jack with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Don't talk nonsense to me!" she exclaimed indignantly. "If this is the way you are going to behave, I would rather have you as you used to be. If this is your reformation, I don't think much of it."

"Forgive me!" murmured Jack penitently.

"Did you think me very frigid yesterday," she asked presently—"very full of young lady air? Because if you did——"

"But I didn't!" interrupted the young man eagerly. "I thought you—I beg your pardon; I must not say what I thought you, or you'll annihiliate me!"

"I was going to say," she continued, with a charming air of dignity, "that, if you did think me starchy and disagreeable, it was because I did not know in the least who you were!"

"Not know!"

"No; you see, you were not expected for some weeks yet, and you behaved so nicely that I could not expect to recognize you as the Jack that I use to abominate years ago."

"If you did not think I was myself, who did you think I was?" he asked inquisitively.

"I did not in the least know; I never even hazarded a guess!"

"And you were satisfied to let me go like that," he said, in mock indignation; "you could let me go without knowing who I was, or when or where we were likely to meet again! How cruel!"

"Oh, but you know you told me we should see each other again at church on Sunday!" said honest Dandie.

He looked at her in surprise. Most of the young ladies he knew would have eagerly jumped at the chance he had offered for a little coquettish badinage.

"Do you always say exactly what you think, like that?" he asked quietly.

She noticed the glance of surprise, and wondered if she had said anything very wrong. This was the first time she had been on friendly intercourse with a young man. She blushed a little as she thought that she had perhaps, in her ignorance, said something wrong.

"I'm afraid I do," she answered humbly. "As a rule, I say what I think, or hold my tongue. What did I say that was not correct?"

"Nothing at all. Only most girls would have pretended to be utterly indifferent and would have declared they were not at all curious to know anything about me."

"Oh, but you know I was intensely curious!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly; and Jack laughed as if he were greatly amused, though he looked at her with respectful admiration when his merriment was over.

"Why did you not give me permission to call you Dandie?" he said. "I did think that was a little stand-offish on the part of such an old chum!"

"I never was a chum of yours in the old days!" she returned warmly. "You know how I hated the very sight of you! But that was not why I did not tell you to call me Dandie. I'm afraid," she went on slowly, "that if I tell you the reason you will set me down as a big baby."

"I promise to do nothing of the kind, and you have now aroused my curiosity to such a pitch that you must tell me."

"Well then, it was because I had never been called Miss Gaspard before, and it made me feel so grown up. Mr. Gray's visitors always called me Miss Dandie, because he introduces me as 'my Dandie,' and even the people in the village say Miss Dandie, when I go to them with messages or things from Mrs. Gray."

"And am I still to be the ill-treated exception to the rule, and call you Miss Gaspard?"

"What a fuss you make about a trifle?" she said, looking at him rather superciliously. "Is that how you make conversation in real society? You know you can call me just whatever you like. Your mother has made me feel so at home since mamma died that it would seem absurd to hear any one say anything but Dandie in this house."

"Then I may? Thank you! What is it, Blanche? You are never going to take Dandie off again to that miserable writing!"

"Oh, yes—we must finish our work?" his sister said, rising at once. "We shall not be more than an hour, Jack," Blanche added pityingly, "and by that time the tennis-court will be half in the shade, and we will come and have a game."

"You're going to stay the evening, are you not?" asked Jack, as he opened the door for the two girls. "Blanche has set me longing to hear you sing; she says you are another Patti!"

When the young man turned back to the table, Mr. Blaine was making all sorts of inquiries about the girl with the beautiful eyes.

"They are really splendid," he was saying; "and what a lovely color her hair is! You don't often see dark gray eyes with that bright-colored hair. Do you know whom she is wonderfully like?"

Mr. Speight shook his head indifferently; he was not at all interested in this talk about the child of his daughter's late French governess.

"She is the very image of poor Philip Grafton, your cousin, who died so young. The likeness is really surprising. There are the same eyes, the same fine straight brows, the same sensitive nostrils. The mouth is softer, certainly; but the general expression is his exactly, when he was in an amiable mood. I was really startled when she sat down opposite me."

"One often sees these chance likenesses," observed Mr. Speight, who was evidently bored by the subject; "there is no way of accounting for them."

"There is a little romance about the girl besides her beautiful face," interposed Mrs. Speight from the other end of the table. "Her mother came here when Dandie was a mite of three or four. She was a French woman"—the lawyer looked interested at the mention of this fact—"quite a lady, and she gave lessons in her own language, and singing, for she was poor. She was very reserved, and never by any chance alluded to her husband or her own people; so Dandie knows nothing whatever of her relations and is entirely alone in the world. Our rector and his wife have been very good to her; they adopted her when their own three girls were all married, and they treat her just as they would if she were really their own daughter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GROWTH BRINGS CHANGE.—Change and consistency are by no means incompatible. The principle of life includes that of growth, and all growth is indicated by change. The entire history of the plant, from the tiny seed swelling in the soil, to the full luxuriance of blossom or fruit, is one of change in growth, and is thus—and only thus—a consistent whole. The life of the human body, from frail infancy to sturdy manhood, is one continuous series of changes, each of which is needful to its perfection. If this be so in all life, why should an exception be made in the heart and mind?

Bric-a-Brac.

THE STATE'S LAND.—In China all the land belongs to the State; and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country; and it amounts to but half-a-dollar per head.

LOAF-SUGAR.—An important article of trade in Morocco is loaf-sugar, which is in general demand for presents. Every person approaching a superior whose good-will it is desired to propitiate is bound to bring a gift. He cannot appear empty-handed, and the form that is most commonly taken by the gift is loaf-sugar.

THE SMALLEST.—The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a dime, which is employed in cutting the slits in gold pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper and revolve some four thousand times per minute. The high velocity keeps them rigid notwithstanding their thinness.

COLORS.—Colors used in sealing wax are said to express a certain significance: Lavender is used for condolence; white, for weddings; black, drab, and purple, for mourning; dinner invitations are sealed with chocolate color; blue denotes constancy; green expresses hatred; vermilion signifies business; ruby or cardinal denotes the most ardent love; light ruby or rose is affectionate remembrance; pale green is innocence; yellow indicates jealousy; yellowish green signifies grief and disappointment; dark brown, melancholy and reserve.

A GREAT VIOLINIST.—The greatest triumph of the famous Italian violinist, Paganini, was probably achieved at Lord Holland's, in England, when he was requested to improvise upon his violin, the story of the son who, after murdering his father, leaped into a bottomless abyss with the girl who had refused to listen to the story of his love. Paganini stipulated for darkness; and so wierd was the musical interpetation of the story that had been proposed to him, that many of the ladies fainted; and with the return of light, the scene in the concert chamber was likened to the appearance of a battle-field cumbered with the bodies of the slain!

PAPER CLOAKS.—The people of Corea have a curious method of protecting themselves from the rain: they use a sort of overall waterproof coat made of oiled paper of a bright yellow color. These paper coats cost a trifle, and are very serviceable so long as they escape a rent; but when once torn, they are not to be mended by stitches. One traveler says he has seen an inferior kind of water-proof garment made out of paper oiled after it had been used in the schools, and the wearers of which present to the admiring gaze a choice assortment of copy-book texts written in a large hand as models of handwriting. There is something attractive in the idea of this twofold utilization.

THROWING RICE.—The custom of throwing rice at weddings is said to have originated in China some 150 years B. C., when there lived in the province of Shansi a most famous sorcerer called Chao. It happened one day that a Mr. P'ang came to consult the oracle, who informed him that he had but six days to live. In such a strait it is not to be wondered at that P'ang should repair to the fair Peachblossom, a young lady who had some reputation as a sorceress, and unfold the story of his woe. Her divination was the same as Chao's; in six days P'ang should die, unless by her magical powers she could avert the catastrophe. Her efforts were successful, and great was Chao's mortification when he learned that there lived a greater magician than he. Unless he could quickly put an end to his fair rival's existence, his reputation would be ruined. He sent to Peachblossom's parents, and induced them to engage Peachblossom to him in marriage. The marriage cards were duly interchanged; but the crafty Chao had chosen the most unlucky day he could select for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant. Surely as the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But the wise Peachblossom knew all these things and feared not. When the wedding-morning came, she gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit bird made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped into the bridal-chair and passed on her way unharmed. And now the ingenuous reader knows why he throws rice after the bride.

Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

FADED.

BY L. J. C.

This night a year ago I lay
Within the wreath which crowned her hair;
The hall with lute and lamp was gay,
And she was fairest of the fair.

With me she left the sound and light,
A noble squire was at her side,
They lingered 'neath the dark cool night,
"And will you be," quoth he, "my bride?"

I saw their lips together meet,
I felt his fingers round my stem—
"Behold, I snatch this token, sweet,
A rose-bud from thy diadem."

Yet here to-night again I lie
Beside my lady where she grieves;
The quick tear from her brimming eye,
Falls brightly on my tattered leaves.

No blushing sweets I now disclose
Long since have color and fragrance fled,
And ah! the love that snatched a rose,
E'en as the rose is dry and dead.

Shall glory to the bud return,
Though drench'd with heaven's sweetest rain?
Or can the hottest tears that burn
Bid withered passion bloom again?

HER MAD REVENGE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI—(CONTINUED.)

SHE put up her hands to her head with a sudden gesture of pain, pressing the little ice-cold palms to her temples as if to still the ceaseless throbbing there, and pushing back the ruffled hair with almost cruel roughness.

The young man, standing by the mantelpiece, just under the lovely, compassionate face looking down at them from its frame, felt his eyes moisten and his lips quiver as he watched her.

"When we first spoke on this subject," he said gently, "you told me you were justified in what you did. Why have you changed your opinion?"

"I thought I was justified," she replied in a low, ill-assured tone. "But I had made a mistake—a terrible mistake!"

"Ah, my child!" he exclaimed with sudden irrepressible bitterness, "could anything justify it?"

"Yes," she said swiftly, her eyes brightening with sudden eagerness. "Yes; even now, if this terrible mistake had been made, what I did was justifiable. You will acknowledge it when you know all! The wrong which I revenged was not done by Geoffrey Hamilton, but by his friend Fulton Leclerc under his name! And he—poor Geoffrey—has suffered for another's crime!"

Her voice sank almost to tenderness as she spoke the last sentence.

Alick Holt's face flushed darkly as he noted the unconscious softening of the low, broken tones; a sudden anger rose in his heart at the thought that if she had wronged Geoffrey Hamilton she had it in her power to make perfect atonement for that wrong.

"The mistake I made was an almost unavoidable one," she continued passionately. "He, the traitor, took Geoffrey's name, and under that name committed a bitter wrong. It was only this afternoon that I knew the truth, too late to undo what I had done, but not too late—oh, thank Heaven, not too late!—to prevent my doing him a still greater injury! But as it is, I can avenge that wrong!" she added excitedly. "The traitor is in my power, and——"

"Have you not had enough of vengeance?" he asked, with ineffable sadness. "Why try again to wound with edged tools? The innocent may suffer again, as well as—perhaps instead of—the guilty."

The momentary excitement died out of her face, leaving it still, and white, and stern, as it had been when she turned to him under the chestnut tree in Mrs. Bruce's garden; she put her hands quickly to her heart, as if she felt a sudden sharp pain there.

"Yes," she whispered, "I had forgotten—I—give it up! He killed her, but he must go free, for that poor woman's sake."

She sank back in her chair with a stifled sob, her hand fell forward on her breast, her hands drooped helplessly at her sides, she looked exhausted and utterly worn out by the events of the day; she hardly seemed to breathe as she sat among the cushions, whose dark velvet hue made her pallor even more deathlike, and the whiteness of her form more ghostlike in the faint light.

"You are worn out," he said compassionately. "Let me come to you to-morrow if I can help you. When you have had some rest you will feel better able to decide."

"Rest!" she said bitterly; "I feel as if I should never rest again, and I am so tired," she added, breaking down suddenly and helplessly into low, pitiful weeping. "So tired and so utterly alone!"

"Is that true?" he murmured, restraining with difficulty the impulse to take her into his arms and kiss away her tears. "While I am here, Bell?" he added, almost passionately. "Tell me what I can do to make you happier. You know, you must know, that I would give my life to be able to do so!"

"Even now?" she said faintly.

"Aye, even now!" he answered, all his heart in his words. "Although I know that I can never be anything to you but a friend, there is nothing I would not do to restore to you your peace of mind and your happiness!"

"Then, tell me how I can give Geoffrey Hamilton back the wealth of which I robbed him," she said wildly. "Will it be enough to say to him, 'That will by which I inherited was a forgery, and——'"

"Hush!" he exclaimed suddenly, in low tones, lifting up a warning hand in a swift gesture, commanding silence, and, hastening softly across the room, he opened the glass door leading into the conservatory noiselessly and rapidly.

But, rapid as his movements were, those of the person concealed in the conservatory were even more so; he caught a glimpse of soft, pale-colored draperies disappearing through the doorway at the other end; but when he hurried towards the door, although it was ajar, there was no one in sight in the inner hall upon which it opened.

Coming slowly back, he closed the doors after him, and drew over the one leading into the sitting-room the heavy velvet portiere to exclude sight and sound.

"Have you an enemy in your own household?" he said, almost involuntarily, as Bell's dilated eyes turned upon him questioningly. "Who is there under your roof who would be likely to spy upon you?"

"To spy?" she murmured, hardly understanding him; then as she remembered what Dorcas had said, she staggered and would have fallen, but that he caught her on his arm. "It is Grace!" she whispered, with blanched lips: "Miss Digby. Dorcas was right. Oh, if she has also overheard! It is not for myself I fear," she continued, gaspingly, "but for her. You will not let her hurt Dorcas, she has done no wrong!"

There was agonising terror in the great eyes uplifted to his face, but the terror was not for herself but for Dorcas, as the woman's terrible agitation recurred to her.

"It will kill her," she murmured, deliriously. "It will kill her."

"No one shall hurt her," he answered, steadily, supporting her on his arm, and feeling the frightened throbs of her heart against his hand. "Bell, on my honor there is no danger. No one can hurt Mrs. Fane, there is no proof, and if there were, do you think Geoffrey Hamilton is likely to do anything that could give you pain?"

"I do not know," she murmured faintly. "He may love me now, but if he knew——"

"I know," Alick Holt answered, gently and steadily, "and it makes no difference in my love for you."

He misunderstood the faintly glad light which flashed for a moment into her eyes; then she slowly raised herself from his arm and moved from him.

The words, so tenderly and gravely spoken, had made her strong for a moment, even as a draught of wine might have done; but Alick Holt was too unconscious of her feeling for him, too assured that Geoffrey Hamilton's so evident love had met with a response, not to misunderstand the movement, even as he had misunderstood that faint, sweet love-light.

A sudden, angry bitterness rose in his heart, and forced the next words from his lips.

"Do you not think," he said, in a low tone, speaking out of the sharp suffering which lay deep in his heart, "do you not think that there is one very easy way of atoning to Geoffrey Hamilton for the wrong you have done him? He loves you, and his love for you makes it easy for you to restore to him all that you have deprived him of without any public scandal. You will find him more surely a lenient judge of your offence, and, as his wife, your safety is assured!"

The words stung her as only words spoken by him could sting.

She could not guess the fierce pang of pain which had forced their utterance; she only knew that he, who professed to love her, advised her to marry Geoffrey Hamilton, even as Dorcas had done.

All the girl's deep, hidden love for Alick revolted against the suggestion; but her pride came to her, and she lifted her head haughtily, but she could not force her eyes to meet his as she answered him, quietly and calmly, with a composure which surprised herself.

"I asked you to help me," she said. "Is this your advice to me?"

"Is it not good advice?" he asked very bitterly. "As his wife, you would be safe."

"I thought I was safe now," Bell replied very haughtily. "There are no proofs."

"None," he answered quietly. "But if you give up your wealth to him, may not the world suspect, at least? If you become his wife you are absolutely safe, and he—and he—receives fullest compensation for the wrong he has suffered. As your lawyer, I can advise no better course."

"And a lawyer's advice is always taken," she replied calmly; "I will not forget yours. Forgive me for having detained you so late—or rather, so early. Good-night, and—thank you!"

Her voice softened suddenly as she uttered the last word.

He had been so good to her, so patient, she thought, confusedly; he had loved her once, although he advised her now to marry Geoffrey Hamilton.

It was quite mechanically, and like one walking in her sleep and unconscious of what she was doing, that she touched the bell and bowed gravely, as if to intimate that their interview was surely at an end.

She stood still, proudly erect, as, on the servant's appearance, Alick Holt, bowing low, turned and left her; she stood still until the sound of their footsteps had died away.

Then the room grew suddenly dark before her eyes.

She groped her way to a chair, and sank into it without sense or power of movement, and the light fell softly on the motionless white figure, catching the glitter of the stones about her throat and reflecting back their rays.

And through the quiet deserted streets Alick Holt wandered—miserable, restless, remorseful—haunted by the dark, miserable eyes which had looked up into his, until at day-break, faint and exhausted, he returned home, and entering the house by the aid of his latch-key, he crept softly to his own room, where he threw himself wearily upon a couch, and tried vainly to obtain the rest and sleep of which he stood so much in need.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOR two or three days after Mrs. Bruce's ball, Mabel kept her room and saw no one. The girl was really ill, worn out with sorrow, remorse, and agitation; otherwise the solitude, peopled by so many bitter memories, would have been unbearable to her.

As it was, she was too weak to feel much, and all thought seemed numbed and deadened, not only by her weakness, but by the fever which was the effect of the chill she had caught in the gardens on the night of the ball.

To this chill her illness was ascribed, and Bell submitted patiently enough to the doctor's visits and remedies, really conscious of but one great longing—to have done with life and its weariness, and to be at rest with Pauline.

One gleam of sunshine indeed penetrated into the sick-room where Bell lay among her pillows, her face as colorless as the fair white linen against which it rested, and that was Dorcas Fane's improved looks and health.

The words Bell had spoken before her leaving for Mrs. Bruce's ball, "I will save you and myself," had acted like a powerful tonic on the woman's weakened frame.

Relieved from the fear which had so troubled her, she was able to sleep and eat in comfort; and short as the time was since she had received the assurance, the alteration in her looks and improvement to her health and spirits were great, and she was able to share with Hammond the duties of Bell's sick-room.

The girl smiled languidly sometimes when she watched Dorcas moving about her rooms with nearly all her old energy; if she could do no more, she thought languidly in her weakness, she could make Dorcas Fane's life happy and peaceful once more, and Dorcas merited that from her at least.

Poor Geoffrey Hamilton coming day after day to the stately house in Park Lane was day after day disappointed in his hopes of seeing the beautiful lady of his heart, but his visits, if they did nothing else, gave Mrs. Fane intense satisfaction.

The young man's anxiety was so evident and so great that it was impossible to doubt his feeling for Bell, and Dorcas always went down herself to give him the lastest report, and carried to Bell's room the flowers he never failed to bring.

Bell would smile languidly as she looked at them, then slowly turn her head on the pillows.

"They are very sweet," she said faintly, "but they make my head ache, Dorcas. Put them in some other room."

And when Dorcas, looking a little grieved and disappointed, would carry the flowers away, the young girl would close her eyes wearily, and more than once two great tears would roll down the wan cheeks which looked strangely thin and hollow after so short an illness.

But on the third evening of her illness, the doctor, finding Bell's feverish cold better, had wished her to get up for a few hours, and try a change in the adjoining sitting-room.

The girl had obeyed languidly; she was well enough for the exertion, she knew, because thought had become busy once more, and she hoped that perhaps the change of scene might give her sad thoughts a different current.

As if, poor, unhappy Bell, the change from one room to another, could make any difference to such meditations as hers!

Since the power of consecutive thought had returned to her, her thoughts had never wandered from the sin she had committed, its results, and the possibility of atonement.

She must atone to Geoffrey Hamilton in the fullest measure possible to her; she had wronged him in thought, in word, in deed.

She was living now under his roof, enjoying—no, not enjoying, perhaps, but suffering—the luxury which should have been his.

Fulton Leclerc's sin must go unpunished Pauline's wrongs must go unavenged, but Geoffrey Hamilton should receive back his own; that, at least, was clear to the girl's troubled mind.

And how was the restitution to be made? Was that way which Dorcas had suggested to her the only way?

If Geoffrey Hamilton loved her, she had wronged him even more deeply in letting him do so, than she had done by Mrs. Hamilton's will.

If he cared to have her for his wife, was not it her duty to marry him, and give him—since love was impossible—the esteem and respect he so well deserved?

If he were happy, what did it matter about her?

Would her life be more miserable as his wife than it would be at the White House,—lonely, unloved, solitary?

She did not love him; all her heart was given to another, and that other cared no longer for her, since he could advise her to marry Geoffrey as the best means of atoning for the wrong she had done.

Yet, would it not be wronging him still more deeply to marry him when she had no love for him? surely he deserved better than that at her hands.

He was good and true, she felt sure of that; he would be merciful, even if she confessed the truth, he would not punish her or Dorcas; yet, had not Alick Holt said that as Geoff's wife she would be perfectly, absolutely safe?

Her head was throbbing violently, as if a hundred hammers had taken possession of her brain, her eyes ached and burned, and her lips were parched and dry; she moved restlessly upon her couch, then rose, and began slowly to move about the room.

She was weak yet, and her step was slow and languid; it seemed to her that she had been a prisoner many days in the great luxurious rooms, which had grown hateful to her; a pile of letters lay on a little table close to her, and she turned them over with languid fingers.

Bell's correspondence was never very interesting: bills, circulars, and invitations, were its component parts, and she glanced carelessly at the little heap, throwing the letter aside unopened, until she came to one, almost the last of the pile, at which she paused.

Something in its appearance arrested her attention, and a slight look of interest brightened the sweet languid eyes as they rested on the pretty, square-shaped gray envelope with a monogram of deeper shades of grey upon the flap.

Bell opened it with little slim white fingers which looked so fragile, and were in reality so weak, and standing by the table, read it there.

It was not a long letter, being merely a prettily-worded request from Mrs. Holt to know some particulars of Miss Grace Digby, "who," said Mrs. Holt, "has applied to me in answer to my advertisement for a young lady as companion."

Grace Digby! Bell had forgotten her during her illness as completely as if she had never existed.

No recollection of her had come during those dreary hours to make them still more dreary.

She had liked the girl, or rather she had given her the kindly freely which generous natures always have towards those to whom they have been kind, but Grace was a spy, not only upon Dorcas but upon herself. Swiftly the recollection came back to her of the little incident which had interrupted that last miserable interview with Alick Holt, which had alarmed Bell so greatly at the time.

A distrust of the girl whom she had succored seized upon her, and with distrust came fear.

What did Grace know? Why was she applying to Mrs. Holt, Alick's mother? She must have some other motive besides the desire for employment.

She wanted—ah! that was it, Bell thought, with sudden and irresistible excitement—to win Alick's friendship, and, perhaps, his love, and so discover from him his suspicions or his knowledge of Bell's secret.

Weak and faint, tottering as she went, Bell made her way back, and sank down shivering and hiding her face with her hands.

A new and terrible fear shook her from head to foot.

Could it be that her secret, which she had thought so inviolable, were indeed in the possession of this girl who had repaid the kindness shown her with such base ingratitude?

She had kept Mrs. Holt's letter in her trembling fingers, and glancing at it again, she perceived that its date was that of three days ago—of the morning after Mrs. Bruce's ball.

Mrs. Holt must have wondered why no answer had been sent, the more so because a postscript asked for an early reply.

Bell put her hand confusedly to her head. What could she do? What reason could she give for refusing the references Mrs. Holt asked for so courteously.

Her suspicions of Grace Digby's honor and uprightness were after all but suspicions, however well grounded they might seem; and the girl had other recommendations from former employers, and she was dependent on her own exertions. Could she, Bell, condemn her to the misery and privations from which she had rescued her?

Rising from the sofa, the girl, in the restlessness induced by the strong excitement under which she was laboring, once more began to move about the room.

As she passed the little table on which the letters were scattered, one, which was the last of the heap and which she had disregarded previous, when she had stopped short at Mrs. Holt's caught her glance.

A sudden color rose in her face as, with trembling hands, she paused in her restless pacing, the letter was addressed to her in Alick Holt's hand-writing, which—although she had only seen once or twice—was quite familiar to her. With a sudden impulse, which brought the blood rushing hotly to her cheeks, she caught it up and pressed it to her lips.

Yet it was but a poor, business-like epis-

tle to receive such high honor, for it ran thus:

"Dear Miss Hamilton,—My mother's letter to you was written before she had seen me, to tell me of Miss Digby's application in answer to her advertisement. I have convinced her that the young lady, however charming, is not a desirable inmate of any household, so you need not trouble to reply to her note. My mother, having declined her services, Miss Digby called at my office, and our interview convinced me that your suspicions of her good faith were well grounded. She is a dangerous woman, and if she had it in her power would injure you, I am sure. I am equally sure that it is not in her power, but be careful of her, and do not forget 'the lawyer's advice.'

"Yours faithfully,

"A. C. HOLT."

The girl's face was white to the lips as she let the letter fall from her trembling fingers.

It seemed as if everything was against her, as if the suffering she had brought upon herself would never end, as if her remorse and misery must increase with every day she lived.

And the last sentence of Alick Holt's letter cut her like a knife, for was not the lawyer's advice to her to marry Geoffrey Hamilton and so set all right for herself and Dorcas.

There was her promise to Dorcas also; that must be fulfilled, she thought very wearily.

Would it not be better to end this suspense which was so hard to bear at once? If Geoffrey Hamilton loved her—but did he love her?

He had never said so, and his feeling for her might, after all, be merely admiration for her beauty.

And the girl turned her eyes upon the mirror for a moment, smiling half bitterly, half sadly as she saw the pale, wan face reflected there, and thought that if it were her beauty which had attracted him, that attraction would soon be at an end.

If he wanted her, she thought, going over to a davenport which stood in her pretty, luxurious bed room, he could have her.

No one else had so good a right to her obedience and duty; she would do her best to be a good wife to him if only she need never see Alick Holt again, and he, Geoffrey, would be content with what she had to give.

But at least she would be frank with him; he should know all the truth, her sin and shame, her anguish and remorse, then, if he cared to make her his wife, she would marry him, and do her utmost towards that atonement which seemed now the sole object of her life, as once vengeance had been.

With a very stern resolution upon her haggard face, she took up her pen, drew paper slowly towards her, and wrote these words:

"If you can come to me this evening, I am ready to see you."

She did not sign them; there was no need to do so, and, indeed, she was so confused and distressed that she did not note this omission.

When she had despatched the note, she sat motionless before the writing-table, her pen still held tightly between her fingers, her eyes staring straight before her.

She was sitting there, still in the same attitude, motionless as if carved in stone, when Dorcas Fane, coming quietly into the room, told her that Mr. Hamilton had come.

"Tell him I will go to him at once," Bell said quietly, but without rising or turning her face towards Dorcas.

"Shall I send Hammond to you, Miss Bell?" Dorcas asked.

"What for?" Bell queried quietly.

"Will you not dress, my dear?"

The girl shook her head.

"No," she said very calmly. "I am an invalid and privileged. Show Mr. Hamilton into my sitting-room, and say I will join him there almost immediately."

"Are you strong enough, Miss Bell?" Dorcas said hesitatingly, looking at her young mistress's deathly pallor and sunken eyes.

"Yes, quite strong enough. You need not wait, Dorcas."

Dorcas left the room obediently, but having delivered the message returned, and waited on the landing outside Bell's apartments, concealing herself in the embrasure of a window.

Fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before the door opened and Bell appeared; her face was rigid and colorless, almost like a mask of stone, and the great dark eyes burned in their sunken orbits with a sombre fire, but she held her head erect, and walked slowly but very firmly, and the long golden brown plush folds of her loose invalid's dress swept round her like the robes of a queen.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GEOFFREY HAMILTON, in the room below, on whose walls Pauline's fair face showed its perfect and exquisite loveliness, waited for Bell with beating heart and throbbing pulses, in a great excitement, of which he had some difficulty in subduing any outward evidence.

He had thought of her, and of her only, during the hours and days which had elapsed since her visit to his studio, and his heart throbbed wildly at the mere thought of seeing her alone, and being at liberty to plead the love for her which seemed to fill his life.

He had loved her from the moment his eyes had first rested on the radiant loveliness which had so potent a charm to many.

It had not needed any effort on her part to win his love; it had been here from the first, and if it were not so deep and selfless a love as that other affection which she had won, at least it was pure and true and deep.

In the moment when his eyes had rested on her face, he had forgiven her for having inherited the wealth which might, but for her, have been his.

He had not been greatly surprised at learning the contents of Mrs. Hamilton's will; she had never shown any real affection for him, and had sometimes—or, at least, he fancied so—resented her husband's love for him.

If it had astonished him that he had been so completely overlooked, he had soon put the thought aside.

He had his profession, in which he was steadily advancing and making a name, and he was young, and all his life was before him.

But, since he had known Bell, he had wished for wealth as he had never done before.

He dared not avow a love which might seem to her but a mercenary passion, until her manner at Mrs. Bruce's ball had raised his courage; she had looked at him so kindly, she had spoken so gently in that low, sweet voice of hers, that his heart had thrilled with a joy so great as to be almost pain.

He was standing by the mantel-piece, looking about him with eager, interested eyes, noting all the evidences of Bell's occupancy of the pretty room, when the door opened, and turning swiftly and eagerly, he made a step or two towards it; but the eager light faded from his blue eyes as he saw that, although the person who entered the room was a woman, and a young and pretty one, she was not Bell.

"Miss Digby!" he exclaimed in some surprise and alarm, fearing for a moment that she had brought him a message of excuse from Bell.

"You did not expect to see me," the girl answered hurriedly, closing the door after her and advancing towards him. "You look disappointed, Mr. Hamilton, but in a moment you will thank me for my presence here."

"I can scarcely be disappointed at seeing you," he replied smiling. "Is Miss Hamilton better? May I see her?" he added eagerly.

"Has she been ill?" she replied disdainfully. "Or is her illness like all the rest of her conduct, a sham? Nay!" she added swiftly, as he was about to interrupt her indignantly, "don't be angry with me, because I am risking much in bringing you this warning, but I cannot stand by and see you cheated and robbed!"

She was speaking hurriedly with fast coming breath, and her face pale with excitement and anger.

As she paused to take breath, he said hastily and with astonishment:

"Cheated and robbed! What do you mean, Miss Digby? Who is cheating me? Who is robbing me?"

"The woman whom you know as Mabel Hamilton," she answered, lowering her voice to an intense whisper. "She has as little right to the name as she has to the wealth which makes her courted and worshipped. Stay, do not interrupt me. Infatuated as you are now, you will scarcely continue to adore her when you know that she is a thief and a forger!"

"A thief and a forger!" he repeated, mechanically, wondering if she was insane, as he saw the breathless pallor of her lips, the lurid light in her blue eyes.

"Yes! She is both!" Grace Digby said, furiously, all her baseness of heart and mind showing itself in the vindictive malice of her tone and manner. "Oh, believe me, I am speaking the truth. I have seen and heard enough to know that she has no right to be mistress of this house, or to be known to the world as Miss Hamilton. The will, by which she inherited the wealth which should have been yours, was a forgery. I have heard it from her own lips."

Geoffrey's patience and forbearance gave way.

He had borne with her hitherto because she was a woman, and that she had youth and prettiness had probably not made him less forbearing.

He could not hear such insults levelled against the woman he loved and honored—the beautiful white queen whom he had placed so high in his heart.

"I have heard enough," he said, haughtily. "Either you or I, Miss Digby, must leave the room. Even were the absurdity of your charges against Miss Hamilton not sufficiently evident, coming from you, who owe her so much gratitude, they are almost revolting."

"Gratitude!" the girl echoed defiantly. "Why should I owe her gratitude? She gave me food and shelter out of the superfluity of which, by a fraud, she has made herself mistress. Is that a reason for gratitude? And because of that, am I to hold my peace when I know the fraud she has committed? Am I to connive at her guilt?"

As he attempted to pass her, she sprang forward, and stood between him and the door, so that, without absolute rudeness or violence, he could not quit the room.

With a muttered exclamation of impatience, he turned from her, and walking back to the table, took up a book which lay upon it.

"Why will you not listen to me?" she said, more calmly, going near to him as he stood with his eyes fixed upon the volume he had taken up. "Are you under her spell likewise? Do you think that, because she is beautiful, she must be good, and upright, and honorable? Do you suppose she has had no motive for her graciousness to you? She has cheated you, and she fears her fraud may be discovered. I am powerless alone; I have no means to prosecute inquiries. I know so little; and Holt, the lawyer, is under her spell also. He will not help you. Although I saw in his face that he feared me and my knowledge, he only laughed at me. He is in her confidence; he discovered her crime, if he did not connive at it. Go to him, and challenge him to deny it, if you can. Ask him to deny whether she, Mabel Stanley, did not, by a fraud, make herself mistress of the wealth which otherwise should have been yours! Dare him to deny it, for if he is in love with her, he may prefer his own safety to hers, and tell the truth."

"You are mad!" Geoffrey Hamilton broke out in irrepressible anger. "You are mad!"

"It is you who are mad," she replied passionately. "You, who allow yourself to be swindled by an adventuress!"

"That is a harsh word," said a quiet, musical voice behind her, breaking in with strange effect upon Grace Digby's intemperate speech, and Geoffrey lifted his head and hurried forward to meet Bell, who had come quietly into the room, unseen by either of its occupants, and so interrupted this strange tete-a-tete.

It would be impossible to describe the expression of baffled rage and vindictive malice which utterly destroyed the delicate prettiness of Grace Digby's face, as her eyes rested upon Bell.

She knew she was foiled now: she felt that she was powerless to bring the charge which she had made home. If she had succeeded in her attempt to influence the painter, she might, by his means, have investigated this strange and puzzling matter; alone she was powerless.

Alick Holt's quiet, incisive words had proved that to her. What proofs had she? None!

Nay, what grounds had she for suspicions, save a few words spoken by a sick woman in her fevered sleep, or overheard in eavesdropping? She had overheard but little at most, and it was only her jealousy of Bell, jealousy which she had fostered until it reached abnormal proportions, which had blinded her to the weakness of her cause.

And the weakness, the hopelessness of it struck her as they had never done before, as Bell came slowly forward, a slight smile curving her lips, a faint flush coloring her face.

She, Grace, could not guess the intense fear which this calm, proud demeanor concealed, the desperation which gave Bell courage to conquer her weakness, and smile that slight, proud smile of compassion for the other's meanness and folly.

She had not needed to hear the words that Grace had spoken to know that she had attempted to traduce her: she had seen their faces as she had entered, and they had told her all.

But at the same instant as she had seen and heard Grace's attempt, she had recognized its failure. She was safe: Dorcas—poor Dorcas—was safe still!

Hating her, jealous of her, blind with envious fury as she was, Grace could not but acknowledge the beauty, and grace, and supreme distinction of this girl who had befriended her, whom she believed guilty of fraud; while Geoffrey Hamilton thought she had never looked so beautiful as she did now.

The contrast between the two women was great enough to have struck even a careless observer.

Grace, in a dress of palest blue, made in the extreme of fashion, and donned chiefly because it suited her delicate complexion and brought out the golden tints of her hair, was livid with fury, and her features were distorted with rage; her expression was both threatening and baffled, and she looked like an inferior being compared to Bell, who in that moment seemed to have regained all her old beauty.

The rigid, stony calm had disappeared with her pallor; her eyes were bright with feverish lustre, and the dark shadows beneath them only added to their beauty; the long rich folds of her gown fell loosely around her; the golden brown hue of the plush catching lights and shades from the soft lamplight with which the room was illumined.

The gown had been a present from Mrs. Hamilton, and had been made to wear during Bell's convalescence after a short illness a year before, and it was a beautiful and costly garment, profusely ruffled with richest Mechlin lace, its color and style being eminently becoming to its wearer. Moreover, its long, soft, straight clinging folds owed a special beauty to Grace's bunched up fashionable attire, and increased the contrast between them, a contrast great as it was remarkable, as they faced each other in the silence which followed on Bell's little speech and which she was the first to break.

"An old proverb says that listeners hear no good of themselves," she said calmly, as she gave her little hand in greeting to the young man who advanced so eagerly to meet her. "It has been exemplified and proved true in my case, certainly, has not it? Perhaps you will be so good as to repeat the charge you have made against me," she added, turning to Grace with a little queenly air of majesty and offended dignity which became her well.

But before Grace could answer, Geoffrey interposed.

"It will be wiser for Miss Digby to hold her peace!" he said, sternly. "She has said too much already. For the sake of her own safety, silence is best."

"Nay," Bell said, quietly, "let her speak. So grave a charge as she has made should be substantiated, and her stay under this roof is so short now that there may be no other opportunity so good as this one. Ah!" she added, turning to the door as the footman appeared on the threshold announcing a visitor, "ask Mr. Holt to be good enough to join us here, Davis. Since he shares my guilt," she said, calmly, as the servant disappeared, "it is as well that he should be present to hear the accusation made against him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NO one spoke in the few moments which elapsed between the departure of the servant and Alick Holt's entrance. Sullenly, her face pale with fury and baffled malice, Grace Digby stood by the table, leaning her hand upon it, her eyes bent upon the carpet.

Base as she was, she had not the hardihood to meet the eyes of the girl who had befriended her, and whom she had so cruelly defamed.

She saw that she had not only failed in her object, but she had lost the friend who had been so generous to her, and from whose friendship she might have received so many substantial benefits in the future, as she had in the past.

Her mad jealousy had rendered her blind and deaf to her advantage; she had hoped to place Geoffrey Hamilton under an obligation to her, which would make his gratitude take a very substantial form; she had hoped even more, since Alick Holt had proved impervious to her proposals and insinuations, since he had laughed her suspicions to scorn.

Her one hope had been that Bell had accepted his love, and that her rejection of Geoffrey's suit might so incense the latter, that he would be willing to listen to her suspicions, and to follow out the faint clue she believed she possessed; but she felt that she had acted madly, and that all she could look for was failure, and a return to that miserable, struggling existence from which Bell had rescued her.

But disappointment and self-pity were all she felt; there was no shame for the baseness of her conduct, for her treachery against the girl who had taken her to her heart and home.

She could look at Bell and feel no compunction at the thought that on the heart she had tried to stab, her head had been pillowed in tenderest compassion, that the little hand which she had accused of forgery had been lavish in its generosity to her, the sweet lips which she declared false had been pressed to hers in sisterly fondness.

None of these thoughts rose in her small and ignoble mind: baffled malice, vindictive rage, and a sense of loss filled it with bitterness.

She had wounded herself only with the weapons she had used, and through her own mad folly she had lost all.

Not that she doubted Mabel's guilt, she was too quick of perception, too suspicious by nature and habit not to have discovered that Bell was a woman with a past. She had seen it in the sweet sad eyes, the so often sorrowful curve of the red lips; she had heard it in the low tones which, even when they were most joyous, had a touch of pathos in them: she had guessed it early from Bell's indifference to the pleasures suited to her age and position, and her strange, sad moods of high spirits or intense depression, and from the economy of her personal expenditure.

There was a mystery in the household, she had felt sure, and she had set herself to discover it, and if her suspicions had been strengthened she had been able to assure herself of nothing.

She had been too rash, she told herself, savagely crumpling the soft laces and ribbons of her gown, as she stood with Geoffrey Hamilton's stern and threatening gaze, and Bell's sad, proud eyes upon her. If she had waited a few days, a few weeks, she might have been able to prove her suspicions, and publicly depose this adventuress from the proud position of beauty and heiress she filled so well. Now it was hopeless: she was powerless.

She was too clever not to see this helplessness. Who would take her word—the word of an obscure, penniless woman!—against the beautiful Miss Hamilton, whose title to Mrs. Hamilton's wealth had never been questioned, who was in possession of it, and had been in undisturbed possession of it for months?

No one. The hungriest, most unscrupulous lawyer in search of a case would not undertake such an one as this; and Grace Digby knew that she had failed in her endeavor to humiliate Bell, and, in her futile, vindictive malice, had lost the one true friend she had had in her life.

She could almost have killed Bell in that bitter moment of defeat.

Entering the room quietly—grave, calm, and proud—Alick Holt saw, by the attitudes and expressions of its occupants, what had happened. He was not surprised; he had been certain that Grace Digby would endeavor to influence Geoffrey against Bell, and would probably accuse her to him, as she had already done to Alick himself, of forgery and theft. He had not doubted the young artist's love for Bell, but some irresistible impulse to be near her in this strait had brought him to Park Lane at this opportune moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Busy lives, like busy waters, are generally pure.

DREAMING.

BY T. FERGUSON.

Dreaming here by the starlit sea,
Love has many a song for me—
  Many a song and many a sigh,
  Many a thought of the days gone by,
And many a hope for the days to be.

Love has come, and with gifts of grace—
Visions bright of a girlish face,
  Visions fair as the dreams of Youth,
  Visions pure as my darling's truth,
Visions sweet as my love's embrace!

Gleam the waves in the starry light,
Shine Love's eyes with a radiance bright;
  And my soul that was sad to-day
  Feels its bitterness pass away—
All is well with the world to-night!

EDGED TOOLS.

BY ETHEL M. ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I.

BRANDONHURST was one of the prettiest old manor-houses in the Midland Counties; a pre-eminence due more perhaps to the beauty of its grounds and situation than to any particular merit in the building itself.

Yet the house was picturesque enough, with its mullioned windows and roomy flower-filled porch, with its gray walls showing every now and then through the dense mantle of ivy, as though to remind a superficial world that the creeper was but a parasite after all, entirely dependent upon the primary existence of the stone; while over it there rested always that air of old-world stateliness and dignity which is such an especial characteristic of many of the old country-houses.

To the front of the house, beyond the circular drive, lay a broad stretch of smooth velvet turf, bordered on either side by great masses of rhododendrons, which made the lawn a blaze of color in the early summer months.

To the right, beyond the rhododendrons, stood a clump of ancient elm-trees, in whose branches innumerable ancestral rooks had built their nests and reared their families for generations; and beyond the elms stretched another piece of level sward, brilliant with a whole galaxy of flower-beds.

A sunk fence ran all round the home garden, dividing it from the field beyond; and just beyond the fence, immediately facing the house, rose a stately avenue of limes, stretching across the meadow for the eye could reach—the particular pride and glory of Brandonhurst.

On the right the field sloped down to a large round pond, screened from the house by a dense border of Scotch firs and larches.

There was an indescribable air of richness over the whole prospect, such as is only to be seen in some parts of rural England where the splendor of the trees and the intense green and luxuriance of the grass seem to combine to produce this impression of opulence.

Before a table strewn with papers, under the shade of the elms, a man was sitting one fine morning towards the end of August, deeply absorbed in some literary work.

As he leant back every now and then in his chair, reflectively biting the end of his pen, evidently seeking that extraordinary slippery commodity, the "right word," many observations might have been made concerning him.

In the first place it was obvious that he was not a handsome man.

And yet no one ever noticed when talking to Murray Wentworth that the shape of his nose was not of the purest aquiline, or that his eyes were not of that large and lustrous order which belongs by right to the conventional hero of fiction.

The reason why these blemishes passed unnoticed was because there was one great attraction in his face which more than counterbalanced them — and that was power.

There was power of intellect in the broad, rather low forehead, with its immense development over the eyes, power of will in his square-cut chin and in the firm lines of his finely-cut mouth, physical power and energy too in the tight crisp curl of his black hair.

His figure was tall and strongly built, and his massive head rested well on his broad shoulders, which latter were marked by that slight stoop which so often distinguishes the student or man of letters.

For a long time he remained absolutely undisturbed in his work, save by the light breeze rustling in the tops of the elms, or the monotonous cawing of the rooks, or the thousand indescribable noises of a summer day.

At length, however, just as he was beginning to tire of his long intellectual strain, the sound of a fresh girlish voice from the direction of the house, calling "Millicent!" in eager excited tones, caused him to lift his eyes from the paper, and as he turned them upon the house he saw a charming picture.

A young girl of about sixteen summers, in a light print gown, was standing on the top of the flight of steps leading up to the hall door, her fresh young face and clustering auburn hair framed in the deep green of the ivy-covered porch.

With one hand she was shading her eyes from the sun while she looked in all directions for the object of her search, and with the other, in which she held what seemed to be a crumpled telegram, she was trying to check the boisterous caresses of a beautiful golden collie.

"Millicent!" she called again, a little more loudly and impatiently than before. "Down, Jim, down!"—as the dog tried playfully to lick her nose. "Where can she be?"

And then, spying the solitary figure at the writing-table under the trees, she ran quickly down the steps and across the lawn towards him.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, have you seen Millicent anywhere?" she asked breathlessly.

"No, I'm afraid I haven't—that's to say, not for the last two hours. Do you want her particularly?"

"Yes, most particularly; and I can't find her anywhere! Where can she be!" she exclaimed again, for the hundredth time.

"I'm sure I cannot tell," said Murray Wentworth, looking round him vaguely, as though expecting to find her concealed under the table or behind one of the elms. "She must be lost."

"Do be serious! I want to find her very badly. I've got such a piece of news to tell her, that I feel as though I should die if I don't relieve my mind of it soon!"

"Don't die—tell it to me instead," he suggested, with admirable common sense.

"Well, since I can't find Millicent—Where can she be, I wonder!" for the hundred and first time—"I suppose I shall have to be content with you as a vent," she said, not very complimentarily.

"You won't have to laugh at all—it's not in the least funny," she said severely. "It's purely delightful!" she went on, her blue eyes dancing with happy expectation; "mother has just had a telegram from the very nicest woman in the whole world, to say that she is coming here this afternoon to stay a month! Oh, I must find Millicent!"—and she ran a little way off, so as to get a better view of the surrounding country.

"Oh! but that's not fair!" he called out after her. "You've no right to excite my curiosity and then leave me in that brutal manner. Who and what is this paragon?"

"If you speak in that odiously contemptuous way," she said, coming back again to the table, "I shan't tell you another word. Oh, yes, I shall!"—suddenly contradicting herself—"I must tell somebody! Now listen. I shall tell you all about her first, and then I shall tell you her name, and you'll see if you don't think it suits her. Well, to begin with—she's lovely; but that you'll see for yourself. Her father and mother are both dead, and all her brothers and sisters are married, and she goes everywhere by herself and just a maid; only think how delightful it must be! And she's very charming and very clever, and she—well, yes, I suppose there is no doubt about it—she does flirt; but then she does it so beautifully that there's really no harm in it, you know."

"Do you know," said Murray Wentworth, interrupting her, with a little jarred look on his face, "I can't bear to hear you talk about flirting like that? It's so despicable a thing, this trifling with men's lives, that I hate to hear it lightly spoken of."

Francis looked up surprised at the sudden and, as it seemed to her, altogether unnecessary feeling in his voice.

"Why surely it is not such a crime as all that?" she said deprecatingly.

"Yes, I think it is," he answered earnestly. "I don't think I have characterized it too strongly. Perhaps," he went on reflectively, as though reverting to some painful memory, "if you had seen a great friend of yours broken in health and spirit by this favorite amusement you would be inclined to agree with me."

"Oh, yes; of course I didn't mean anything as bad as that. Cecil would never do that."

"What name did you say?" he asked, bending a little forward with a sudden intent look on his face.

"Cecil—Cecil Cartwright—that is her name. She would never do anything like that," she said, confidently.

"No, of course not," he said slowly, leaning back again in his chair with a curious inscrutable expression in his eyes. "Of course she would never do anything like that!" he added, in a tone in which a careful listener would have detected some covert sarcasm.

But Frances apparently did not notice it; partly, perhaps, because she suddenly spied Millicent in the distance.

And without bestowing another word upon Murray Wentworth she flew across the grass to meet her.

Left to himself, Wentworth leant back in his chair lost in thought. Presently he got up and began slowly to collect his papers, and as he did so a sudden thought seemed to strike him, for he stopped in his work, while a light came into his eyes.

"Yes, I will try it," he said to himself, "since I must meet her; and it won't matter much even if I fail. Poor Howard!" he added, with a ring of pity in his voice.

These enigmatic words appearing to satisfy him, he finished clearing the table, and putting his books and papers under his arm, he went slowly and thoughtfully into the house.

Cecil Cartwright was expected soon after seven that evening; but long before the clocks struck the hour Millicent and Frances Brandon were waiting on the porch watching the long drive in a fever of impatience and eager excitement, and it was not till Millicent had returned to her coign of vantage on the steps after her sixth bootless expedition to see if the carriage were in sight that the sound of wheels in the distance told that she was close at hand.

Down the drive they tore, and the next moment were scrambling into the landau, ignominiously expelling their father from his place therein, and smothering their beloved friend with affectionate greetings.

Nor was she allowed to speak till their enthusiasm had exhausted itself, and the footman had been standing for some moments by the carriage with the handle of the open door in his hands.

Then with an enchanting laugh she sprang lightly to the ground, saying with tender raillery to the happy excited girls—

"Children, children, behave yourselves: you're as foolish as ever, I'm afraid;" and stopping for a moment to cast a last look at the limes in all their evening glory, she stepped across the threshold of the house where she was such a truly welcome guest.

Every one had retired to dress for dinner, and so there was no one at hand to dispute the girls' possession of their friend as, one on each side of her, they crossed the thickly-carpeted hall and, slowly, amid incessant talk, mounted the wide staircase, while the pictured faces of past Brandons looked down with kindly smiles upon the happiness of these latter-day daughters of their house.

Once inside her room—the room always set apart for her, and called by her name—Cecil freed herself from Millicent and Frances by depositing them firmly on the sofa, and with true feminine instinct went straight to her looking-glass. And this was what she saw reflected.

A tall, slight figure clad in a perfectly-fitting traveling gown of light gray cloth; a face not strictly beautiful in point of features, but full of subtle charm; large blue-gray eyes with curiously dark pupils, which produced an endless variety of light and shade; a small straight nose; a large but finely-shaped mouth, with beautiful lips curving over perfectly white teeth; a prominent chin, showing individuality and strength of will; a broad, rather low forehead, surmounted by masses of light golden-brown hair, the contrast between which and her black eyebrows formed one of the chief beauties in her face.

That was what she saw reflected as with a little sigh of fatigue—for her journey had been long and hot—she untied her veil and then her bonnet-strings, preparatory to the removal of her bonnet; and as she slowly pulled off her long gloves she turned to where the girls were sitting gazing at her with eyes full of love and admiration, and said gaily:

"Well? and now tell me everything. Who is here?"

"Six besides ourselves," they both exclaimed. "Miss Canning, the artist; Mr. Loudoun, the——"

"My dears," interrupted Cecil deprecatingly, "don't you think you would learn more if you didn't both talk at once? Suppose you describe the people in turn?"

The girls, well pleased with the suggestion, began promptly to describe their mother's guests with all the flippancy and uncharitableness of youth, while Cecil finished taking off her things.

First of all came Miss Canning, an artist, and an old friend of Mrs. Brandon's; moreover a brilliant woman of the world, full of peculiar caustic humor, the girls' liking for whom was genuine if coupled with fear.

Next, Mr. Loudoun, an Oxford undergraduate and an amateur actor (or, as Frances irreverently classified him, "genus, bore; species, amateur actor"), who was helping in some theatricals close by.

Then Miss Halifax, whom Cecil had met before, and whom she had liked for herself, and loved for her beautiful voice.

And then Mr. Franks and Miss Broadhurst, an engaged couple, with no especial characteristics except that they were terribly in love.

Cecil listened attentively, and as Frances finished expatiating upon the follies of the lovers she nodded thoughtfully, while the girls stopped to take breath.

"That's only five, and you said there were six. Who is Number Six? Don't speak all at once."

But she was too late; for with one breath they both exclaimed:

"Mr. Murray Wentworth!" and then were simultaneously silent.

"And—and who is Mr. Murray Wentworth?"

"Mr. Wentworth is Mr. Wentworth," said Millicent lamely.

"So I should be disposed to imagine," said Cecil drily. "But once having grasped that stupendous fact, my brain hungers for more information. Who is he? What is he? To quote the words of Mr. Gilbert, 'What is his age, sex, size, and disposition?' Is he married? Is he single? If he is married, to whom is he married, and where has he left his wife?"

"Stop, stop!" cried the girls; "that is enough to go on with. He lives in chambers in the Temple, he's a rising barrister ——" began Millicent.

"He's had one brief," interrupted Frances.

"His age may be anything between twenty-eight and forty," resumed Millicent.

"Gender, masculine. Why, it's just like parsing," put in Frances facetiously.

"His size is—large," said Millicent, with a vague gesture indicative of phenomenal vastness. "That's to say," she added more definitely, "he's about six feet two, and broad in proportion."

"And his disposition," said the irrepressible Frances, "I should call 'difficult.' He is a confirmed woman-hater, and yet all women adore him."

"Indeed!" said Cecil, with the first suspicion of real interest she had shown yet. "Send me in to dinner with him to-night, please," she added, looking at herself with half-conscious scrutiny. "And now go and dress at once, and send Carter in to me as you go."

Frances flew to execute her behest, but Millicent lingered a little behind her sister, and going up to her friend, she put her arms round her neck and whispered softly—

"Take care; you are playing with edged tools, remember."

"I've been told so before, dear," said Cecil laughingly, bending down and kissing the girl lightly on her upturned cheek; "but where I am concerned, I have generally found their edges greatly in need of the grinder. There!"—gently releasing herself from Millicent's encircling arms—"run along now. I shall never be dressed to-night."

Later, as the hall clock was chiming a quarter to eight, the drawing-room door opened slowly to admit Cecil Cartwright, clad in a shimmering chef-d'œuvre of the man-milliner, her stately head bent a little as she struggled with a refractory glove-button.

The victory won, she looked up to see the girls standing by the fireplace, Millicent in a black gown which showed off to advantage her white neck and shoulders.

"Cecil!" they exclaimed in one breath, when their astonishment allowed them to speak. "Down already! Why, this is the first time you've ever been in time for dinner in your life!"

"That's a nice character to give a woman you profess to call your friend," said Cecil, with an amused laugh at their amazement. "Nevertheless, I don't mind owning to you that my watch is a quarter of an hour fast."

"That gown is enchanting; and you look lovely!" said Frances, with youthful enthusiasm.

"You are a goose," replied Cecil, laying her hand tenderly on the girl's curly head; then, as Frances nestled closer to her, she beckoned Millicent to her other side, and looking from one to the other, she began, with much earnestness:

"Girls, you know by this time the untiring energy of my nature when any noble object is to be attained; and you would not have me rest idle here, would you? Of course not"—as a little smile of comprehension of her drift began to twinkle in Frances' clear blue eyes. "I have no choice in the matter. I must convert Mr. Murray Wentworth."

And as she stood there, with a little confident smile on her lips and in her mysterious eyes, while the soft red light of the shaded candles fell on her beautiful hair and dazzling drapery: Millicent shivered a little and turned away; for she had a great regard for Murray Wentworth, and surely no man living, she thought, was proof against such potency of charm.

As she turned, the door opened and Mrs. Brandon appeared on the threshold, and with a cry of delight almost as unrestrained as the greetings of her children an hour ago she went straight to Cecil with outstretched arms.

"Ah! I'm so glad to see you!" she said, with the ring of genuine pleasure in her voice. "I was in the agonies of trying on a new gown when you came, or I should have welcomed you sooner."

"The girls did their share of welcoming so manfully, dear Mrs. Brandon," said Cecil, laughing, and returning her embrace with affectionate warmth, "that I had no time to feel neglected."

Miss Canning and Miss Halifax had by now entered the room, and the former was promptly introduced to Cecil by their hostess; and as she stood talking and laughing she did not notice that the portiere dividing the drawing-room into two was quietly parted, admitting between its folds the form of a tall, powerfully-built man, in whose eyes there lingered yet the faint vestige of a meaning smile.

Nor was she aware of his presence till she heard a voice behind her saying—

"Cecil, may I introduce to you Mr. Murray Wentworth?"

And Cecil, turning sharply round, looked up, and thus their eyes met.

And, as though by the force of some secret magnetism on either side, this mutual gaze was an unusually long one; for it was fully three seconds before Cecil dropped her eyes, saying, with slightly heightened color and, for the first time in her life, a little embarrassed:

"Millicent, dear, you quite startled me. I had no idea you were anywhere near me."

"I'm afraid the fault was mine," said Wentworth, smiling; "for it was I who asked to be introduced to you."

Her only answer was a sudden answering smile, and the next moment she had taken his proffered arm and was following the others into the dining-room.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER lasted an interminable time. Everybody talked a great deal, but the hero of the hour was Mr. Murray Wentworth.

He talked brilliantly, saying thing after thing worth remembering; and though gradually the whole table stopped talking to listen, it was all addressed to Cecil, and evidently, from the homage of his manner and the admiration in his eyes, wholly inspired by her.

And indeed this was the only possible explanation of his sudden brilliance; for till that night he had talked conspicuously little, and seemed to be completely absorbed in books and politics.

In the drawing-room Cecil threw herself down in a corner of the most comfortable sofa in the room, and for a moment or two was isolated from the rest; but Miss Canning seeing an empty seat near her, and being always artistically attracted by a beautiful woman, crossed the room and established herself at her side.

They had a pleasant talk, comparing notes on Art and Literature and other large subjects of discussion; and they were just well started upon the latest Lyceum revival when a noise of laughing and talking in the hall proclaimed that the feminine half-hour was at an end—that half-hour which, in spite of all masculine prejudice to the contrary, is often the pleasantest period of a dinner-party to many women.

The next moment the door opened, to admit, first, Mr. Loudoun—a young man with an old young face—who had firm hold of the suffering Mr. Brandon, and amid much gesticulation and more noise was detailing an imaginary but very familiar conversation he had recently had with his "dear Henry Irving" ("imaginary," because, curiously enough, he had never been introduced to Mr. Irving); and presently—no one knew exactly how—one of those sudden kaleidoscopic changes took place, and in the new arrangement of the room Cecil Cartwright found herself standing by the open window with Murray Wentworth by her side.

"It is a glorious night," he said, in his deep sympathetic tones, as, drawing a long breath, he looked up into the starlit sky.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully, her eyes following his, "it is beautiful; but it is sad, too. Surely there is a vague sorrow in the air; and the whispering of the limes to one another seems to be of nothing but lost love and shattered idols."

She was in an unusually softened mood, and the emotion in her face gave a fresh charm to her radiant beauty—a fact which her companion noted in a swift scrutinizing look which the shadow on their faces rendered possible.

"How curiously sympathetic Nature is with all our passing moods," he said presently. "Don't you know that it is you who are unquiet and full of foreboding—not the limes nor the stars?"

For some reason or other she was silent for a moment, and as she was about to speak a stir in the room behind them near the piano announced that Lena Hallax was going to sing.

As though by some electric sympathy with Cecil's mood, she began with Maud White's setting of Shelley's melodious words:

"When Passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep.

It were enough to feel, to see
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Could'st thou but be as thou hast been."

And as she sang, with that extraordinary depth of feeling which was the unique feature in her voice, the "vague feeling of sorrow in the air" to which Cecil had referred seemed to gain shape and substance, till all around her the night was throbbing with passionate regret.

As the song ended, Wentworth, leaning forward a little to speak to Cecil, saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"It is curious that she should have sung that song," he said, quietly drawing back a little into the shadow.

Something in his words seemed to strike a different chord in her ever-changing nature, for in a moment she had dashed away her tears, saying, in a voice from which all emotion had completely vanished:

"Ah! I'm so tired of melancholy—do ask her to sing something cheerful. Ask her to sing some 'Carmen,' please."

He turned to obey her command, but no sooner had he made his way to the piano than, as though again divining the wayward beauty's thoughts, Lena Hallax burst forth into that incarnation of mocking defiance, "Prends-garde a toi!" and when he returned to the window Cecil Cartwright had disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Enemy's Flag.

"WHAT injustice! What insolence!" These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheek, flaming eye, and knitted brow, spoke even more than the words of the indignation which filled her heart.

She was the young wife of Commodore Coe, the commander of the small navy of Montevideo.

The lady was Spanish by birth as well as feelings, and the cause of her anger was the sight of a ship which had been for two days standing off and on before the harbor, using every species of insult and defiance to induce the vessel of the commodore to come out and fight him.

This the latter could not do for two reasons: the first was illness which confined him to his cot, the second, that he had not one-third of a crew, and not even men enough to man his battery.

At the moment when she uttered the words which commence this sketch, Captain Brown, the commander of the Buenos Ayrian ship, had hoisted a flag, whereon was painted in large characters the insulting inscription, "Coe, the Coward."

This was more than his noble and fiery wife could stand, for she well knew her husband's truth and valor.

After gazing for one instant at the flag, she raised her jeweled hand, and taking off a diamond ring of great value, exclaimed to the men who stood around her on the deck:

"I will give this diamond to any man who will bring me yonder flag."

For a moment there was no response. The men looked at their officers, the officers glanced at each other, but volunteers seemed scarce.

"What! is there no one of all of you who will dare the trial? Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?" exclaimed the lady, her beautiful lips curling with scorn, and her flashing eye gleaming with the fire of contempt.

A young officer, an Englishman, who had been lately appointed, stepped forward, and modestly said:

"I was only waiting for my seniors to speak, senora. Had any one of them volunteered, I should have begged to accompany him. As it is, I pledge myself to bring you yonder flag before the sun rises again, or to die. But I ask not your jewel as a prize to my success: one tress of your glossy hair shall be my reward."

"You shall have both, brave boy," replied the lady, and her look of cold scorn changed into a sweet smile as she asked his name.

"It is Frank Bennett," replied the youth, and he blushed beneath her earnest gaze.

He was slim, but well formed; looked very young, but in his dark blue eye and compressed lip an observer could read the manhood of mind not years.

The sun was setting behind a bank of slowly rising clouds, which threatened darkness and storm.

The moment that his services were accepted, young Bennett turned to the crew, and as he glanced among them he said, "I want six men to man the whale boat."

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader, volunteers were plentiful.

Bennett glanced his eye over them, and chose six Americans, men whom he knew to be both daring and firm.

"Go sharpen your cutlasses," said he, "I shall not have a pistol or musket on board. If we fight it must be sword to sword, and as we succeed in our object: or perish."

The men answered by a look. They were of that class who are of deeds, not words.

They hurried below to make their preparations, while some of the crew proceeded to muffle the oars, arrange the sails, etc.

One half hour later the sky was covered with clouds, and darkness had set in.

Bennett had been careful when the last light of the day gave opportunity to take the exact position of the enemy's ship, which was lying off the shore, and by this alone he hoped to be able to find her.

During this time the lady was on the deck, regarding the arrangements of the little party who were about to push off.

At the moment when the boat's crew cried out that all was ready for a start, their young leader approached the senora, and taking from his neck a miniature, he handed it to her with a letter, saying:

"If I am not on board by sunrise, lady, you will fulfil a sailor's dying wish if you transmit these to the direction of the letter."

The lady looked at the picture, it was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl. A tear started to her eye.

"Ah, forgive me," she exclaimed, "who would, in a moment of passion, have perilled the life of one who has other duties and ties which bid him live. Your life is precious. I will not expose it."

"This is my only sister, whom I almost adore," interrupted the youth, but one who would blush for me if I played the coward, and dishonored the name of my brave father. Send the letter, senora, and the likeness, if I fall. Farewell till to-morrow, or forever!"

The lady was about to answer, and again to entreat him to stay, but in an instant he was over the side, and the boat pushed off.

The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air, but it was portentous of a storm.

A small light and compass had been placed in the boat, and by these the young sailor shaped his course.

"Give way, my lads; a long, strong, and steady pull," said he, in a low tone, as he felt the ship's side, and he soon felt, by the trembling of the frail boat, that his directions were obeyed.

They pulled straight in the direction of the ship and out to sea, regardless of the approaching storm, the young officer keeping his eye steadily fixed on the compass, until he knew if the vessel remained in the position she was in at sunset, that he must be very near her.

But he looked in vain to see her dark figure looming up in the gloom.

At this moment, when he was completely at a loss which way to steer, the dark clouds which had been gathering round them burst with a long vivid flash of lightning, and a peal of deafening thunder. He heard not the thunder, he heeded not the rising storm.

That flash of lightning had showed him the vessel at a short distance from him.

"Steady, my men, steady," he whispered, when the thunder ceased, "I shall pull directly under her stern."

At this instant, another flash of lightning illuminated sky and water, and then, as he glanced up saw that the flag was no longer there; it had been removed.

He paused for a moment to think what was to be done, and then formed his resolution.

"I shall go on board alone, men," said he. "Keep the boat where she is, exactly. If the flag is where I think it is, in the captain's cabin, I will have it. If I am not back in five minutes, and you should hear any alarm, make the best of your way to the ship and tell the senora and my mates that I died like a man. You must be cautious. Take in the sail, for the storm will be upon us in a few minutes."

These hasty commands were whispered to the men, who leant forward in the boat to catch the orders they dared not disobey, much as they wished to share their leader's peril.

Springing lightly from the boat, the young man caught the nettings, which were within reach, and noiselessly ascended to the bulwarks.

He could hear the regular tramp of the officer on deck, who, having everything arranged for the coming storm, had but little active business to occupy him.

See him he could not, on account of the impenetrable darkness of the night, and the care which was taken to prevent a light being used on the ship that might be the means of betraying the position of the vessel to their enemies on shore.

For a second he listened with throbbing heart to the steps as they approached him.

The officer turned once more, and in that instant the gallant young sailor was down on the deck and at the cabin door, which stood slightly ajar.

He peeped in through the narrow crack, and saw a red faced old captain seated at his round table, with two of his officers by his side, engaged over the contents of various bottles.

A glance at a settee just to the left of this table, showed the object of the enterprise—the flag for which he had perilled his life lay there—where it had been carelessly thrown after it was hauled down.

The young officer did not pause long to consider what to do, but quietly walked into the cabin, and, taking off his cap, bowed politely to the officers, and as he stepped towards the flag, said in a calm and courteous manner to the captain.

"I have come to borrow this banner, sir, to wear to-morrow, if you have not the slightest objection."

"Who the deuce are you?"

"What does this mean?" cried the captain, as he and his officers sprang upon their feet, astonished at the extraordinary proceeding.

"I am an officer, sir, of the vessel which is in yonder harbor," said the young man, who had now seized the flag, "and I mean to carry this to my commodore."

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from the captain's pistol, and ere the alarm became general, he stood upon the taffrail of the vessel.

"Look out for me below," he shouted, and flung himself into the sea without a moment's hesitation.

His boat's crew recognized his voice; he was caught in a moment and dragged into the boat, while a volley of pistol balls was sent down at random by those who were above. The storm had now broken and the wind began to come in with fitful and fierce gusts.

"Up with the sail; be in a hurry, lads," cried the young hero, as soon as he could recover his breath after his ducking.

The crew promptly obeyed his orders, and the next moment the little boat was flying in towards the harbor before the blast, like a glad sea-bird, winging its way to its nest.

The enemy opened a harmless random fire of grape shot in their direction, but it only served to tell the anxious watchers on board their vessel that something had occurred, and they therefore at once showed lights and enabled the boat to be kept straight for her.

It was about half-an-hour after the gun had been fired by the ship at sea that the boat of the young adventurer rounded to alongside of his own craft.

"Have you captured the flag," cried the young senora, as Bennett bounded over the side.

The only answer she received was the banner wet as it was from the water and cut into pieces by the balls which had been fired at its captor.

The light of the vessel beamed not half so brightly as did that lady's eyes when she caught the noble youth to her arms and kissed him again and again.

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.—As each step of a ladder is useful only when those below it have been firmly trodden, so each step in education depends for its success upon the previous steps having been well taken. Thus the very earliest years of school-life demand at least as much ability, judgment, experience, and clear-sightedness in the teacher as do any subsequent ones, if not more. To commit the little ones to any but competent and responsible hands is one of the most fatal errors that can be made in education. It is during these years that the strongest impressions are made and that the finest and most lasting habits are formed. M. S.

O THAT you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!

Scientific and Useful.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.—Medicines can be introduced into the human system by electricity. The electrodes of a battery are saturated with the medicine and applied locally to the skin. Experiments show that there is actual absorption of the medicine in the system.

IN THE EYE.—Among the almost numberless methods of removing particles from the eye, the following is recommended as an efficient means: Make a loop by doubling a horsehair; raise the lid of the eye in which is the foreign particle; slip the loop over it, and placing the lid in contact with the eyeball, withdraw the loop, and the particle will be drawn out with it.

PRESERVED GLASS.—It has hitherto been found impossible to preserve cider for long periods of time; but a distinguished French agricultural chemist, has just discovered a method by which it can be kept for at least twelve months. The cider is warmed to a temperature of between sixty and seventy degrees centigrade, and in each barrel is placed a bottleful that has not been warmed. The method is simple and ingenious.

HOW TO GET RID OF FLIES.—It is stated that oil of bay is used in Switzerland by butchers to keep their shops free from flies, and that after a coat of oil has been applied to the walls, none of these troublesome pests venture to put in an appearance. This remedy has also been tried and found effectual in the south of France in preserving gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., from becoming soiled. It is remarked that flies soon avoid the rooms where this application has been employed.

ON BOTH SIDES.—To transfer a lithograph or printed picture of any kind to glass, so that it will be visible from both sides: Give the warmed glass an even coating of Canada balsam or varnish; place the face of the print on the surface thus prepared, when the varnish is partly dry, but still tacky, smooth it out and let it stand in a cool place until the varnish sets; then apply water, and with a soft piece of India-rubber or the finger-tips rub off the paper so as to leave the image on the varnished glass.

FOG-BELL.—A new fog-bell is to be anchored in Boston Harbor. It is to be operated by machinery similar to clock-work. The power for winding it up is furnished by a windmill arrangement of twelve feet square, consisting of a number of sails so placed that they revolve at every breeze. A rod is attached to the middle wheel, driven by the pendulum so that it fails seven times a minute upon a gong, the sound of which can be heard from five to seven miles. The machinery, when wound up, will run ninety hours without any other winding.

Farm and Garden.

SHADE.—Young shade trees should be trimmed into shape the first few years after having been set out. The beauty of a shade tree depends upon the shape given it when young.

FLOWER POTS.—When the large flower-pots are used there will be more leaves than flowers. Often plants do not bloom because, having so much space, their strength is expended in forming roots and leaves.

KEROSENE.—Do not use kerosene or other irritating oils on the bodies of animals to destroy insects or lice. Common lard oil is as good as anything else, as all kinds of grease is fatal to insects. Flavor the lard-oil with a spoonful of oil of pennyroyal.

INK-STAINS.—To take ink-stains out of linen, use a mixture of two parts cream of tartar and one part salt; pulverize together and make a strong solution in water; saturate the stain for a few minutes and wash. If not entirely removed, a weak solution of oxalic acid may be applied for a minute, then wash.

CELLARS.—A cool cellar does not mean a damp cellar. The cellar should be well aired every day, and also given a good white-washing whenever it is necessary to do so. Before storing any crops of this season in the cellar every portion of it should be thoroughly cleaned, and if it have a cement floor it should even be well scrubbed.

WHITE-WASH.—Milk white-wash does not differ from water white-wash except in this, that milk is used in place of water or a certain portion of it. Procure half a bushel of stone lime, slack in boiling water, let the lime stand six hours, and then add thirty gallons of milk and you will have a white-wash that will have some of the staying qualities of oil paint.

TREES AND VINES.—It never injures a tree or vine to cut out the dead wood at any season of the year. Now that the leaves are out it is an easy matter to distinguish the dead limbs. Cut them off, and trim out all dead twigs. Bushes should be carefully looked over and trimmed of dead branches, thus allowing of more room for growth of new wood.

FOR INSECTS.—For insects the use of Paris green and London purple may be resorted to in all cases where it can be done safely. White hellebore is well known as an excellent insecticide for rose bugs; and for lice or small insects the use of soapsuds, with an ounce of carbolic acid to every gallon of the suds, will destroy nearly all kinds. It is best to have the solutions too weak at all times than too strong.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 23, 1888.

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Youth in Age.

It may seem a contradiction to speak of the youthfulness of age, but it is not so in reality, for, although one sweet singer has said in his day, "In age to wish for youth is full as vain, as for a youth to turn a child again," there is a second childhood quite other than that commonly understood.

It is not at all a condition of second childishness; not at all a condition of "mere oblivion" or semi-obliviousness; not at all an incapacity for any sort of enjoyment. Nay, on the contrary, it is replete with gratification, while he who described the latest age as "mere oblivion," could also speak of "mellowed years," and of ago "As a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

A famous author once said, "I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged." Both are required, not only to equalize society, but to make the world worthy, and it is all the better for the world when both ingredients are combined.

This must have been in the mind of the Roman orator when he exclaimed, "As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth." Who does not agree with that exclamation, if the youthful and the aged spirit are completely spontaneous and free?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has well illustrated this in his own person, as well as in those wonderful verses he addressed some years ago to the living members of his college class, entitled "The Boys." Of the poet and his subjects it cannot be said, as Dogberry affirmed of Verges, that "When the age is in the wit is out," for both alike in the winter of age are blessed with the fulness of wisdom. Concerning one of the eldest of the boys the genial doctor wrote many good qualities, ending with, "And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!"

Would we ask why? Surely it was because in age he retained the gentle spirit of youthfulness. May it not be said, then, that if length of days is in the right hand of wisdom, it is also to be found in the right hand of gentleness?

How good and how pleasant it is thus for youth and age to dwell together in unity. But how true it is, in the words of the Passionate Pilgrim, that "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

Indeed, not a little of the crowning glory of long life comes from the fact that the heart of youthfulness can dwell in the feeble body of advancing age, and when this is the case it doeth more good than a medicine.

But there should be reality about the youthfulness of spirit and no make believe. The simulation of youth is often practiced. But fate will not be so deceived, and time obliterates all such fictions.

There may be the outward semblance of youth, especially when distance lends its charm, but the alacrity of spirit, as well as of body, is wanting, and not a little of the cheer of the mind has been lost or deteriorated in the process of deception.

But if the youthfulness of spirit is real, its possessor can say that Time has merely put its hand upon the heart, as violinists in their playing upon the strings, to bring out a sweeter and a fairer cadence in the tone.

No one doubts for a moment that old age is a time when life in some cases is made up of "many cares, many maladies and many fears;" when it occasionally becomes querulous and lacks discretion, and when carking care keeps watch and ward; but in the main it is quite otherwise, for if youth has hopes and prospects, if youth is free from care and fear, if youth has bright visions to enchant it, even in these things age has no interiority. It has happiness, even as youth, only in a different, in a more matured way.

Indeed, age in its regained youthfulness is content to have passed through the intervening years, and has no desire except for growing change.

Who can hear in a receptive hour Christ's Sermon on the Mount without feeling deep pain within him at his infinite distance from these requirements, without feeling that these tones, these blessings, come from regions that are our true home, but from which we are far removed, as outcasts in the far country; that, to fulfil these requirements, a thorough change must take place in us; that the only thing possible to us is the feeling of an unutterable internal poverty, the feeling that our own righteousness, our stoical ideals, our æsthetic education, our moderate morality, are a wretched nullity, in which we must feel a hunger and thirst after a better righteousness.

Do you feel that you have lost your way in life? Then God himself will show you your way. Are you utterly helpless, worn out, body and soul? Then God's eternal love is ready and willing to help you up and revive you. Are you wearied with doubts and terrors? Then God's eternal light is ready to show you your way; God's eternal peace ready to give you peace. Do you feel yourself full of sins and faults? Then take heart; for God's unchangeable will is to take away those sins, and purge you from those faults.

A good life, where sin is resisted and virtue cultivated, where wisdom is stored up and folly banished, where benevolence and love reign and malice and hatred are driven away, is the foundation of a valuable old age. Bodily strength may decline, but the purity, the wisdom, the experience will remain to benefit society in a manner and to a degree that can flow from no zeal of youth or energy of middle life.

Not all thoughts are equally true, not all feelings equally worthy. Weeding and pruning, as well as cultivating and harmonizing, are necessary to the garden of the mind and heart, or it will be ruined. And the contrasting colors, fragrance and stature of the plants form one of the chief charms of a well-kept garden, and imply no discrepancy or contradiction.

When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?

Ingratitude is the abridgment of all baseness—a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

There be three usual causes of ingratitude upon a benefit received—envy, pride, covetousness. Envy, looking more at others' benefits than our own; pride, looking more at ourselves than the benefit; covetousness, looking more at what we would have than what we have.

As the sails of a ship carry it into the harbor, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God. But as the sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of the vessel, unless filled with a favorable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and lifeless.

If you attempt to beat a man down and to get his goods for less than a fair price, you are attempting to commit burglary, as much as though you broke into his shop to take the things without paying for them. There is cheating on both sides of the counter, and generally less behind it than before it.

Conscience signifies that knowledge which a man hath of his own thoughts and action; and because, if a man judgeth fairly of his actions by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will approve or condemn him; this knowledge or conscience may be both an accuser and a judge.

Use thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Use it as the springtime which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

That faithful endeavor to do right and to bear quietly and with resignation what must be borne is of itself a fruitful source of happiness and serenity; but a murmuring and discontented spirit may poison the richest blessings and turn them into bitter evils.

Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor will feel a pleasure in the reverse; and those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have remained obscure only because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.

If we truly love our neighbors, we cannot fail to be kind and sweet to them. If we are indifferent, all the care we take of our manners, all our studied refinement, all our stylish conversation will be as dust and ashes.

That which is won ill will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it which will waste it; and the same corrupt dispositions which incline men to the sinful ways of getting will incline them to the like sinful ways of spending.

Envy may justly be called "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity;" it is the most acid fruit that grows on the stock of sin, a fluid so subtle that nothing but the fire of divine love can purge it from the soul.

Most as friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves; and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

It is greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven, and how they might have borne more welcome news.

Culture is good, genius is brilliant, civilization is a blessing, education is a great privilege; but we may be educated villains.

The best prophet of the future is the past.

The World's Happenings.

In the South camp meetings are called "heavenly immigration conventions."

There are six colored candidates in the field for the Shrievealty of Volusia county, Florida.

At Elmira, N. Y., a robin is said to have deliberately suicided because of separation from its mate.

The failure of a New York firm was caused by the negligence of the office boy to post a letter.

The Michigan University has hired a professor to teach the students the art of dramatic writing.

Post-offices were first established in France in 1462, over a hundred years before England had them.

At a meeting of physicians in Chicago work was recommended as a remedy for nervous prostration.

It is said there is a single county in Iowa that raises more wheat each year than all the New England States.

A husband and wife recently landed at New York with 22 children. The woman was his third wife, however.

A lad, 15 years old, died in Newburg, N. Y., from the effects of a debauch on which he had been for several days.

The other day the schooner Romeo and the schooner Juliet were anchored side by side in the harbor of Belfast, Me.

Prince Alfred Bell, son of King Bell, of Cameroons, Africa, has learned the trades of locksmith, joiner and ship-carpenter.

Mrs. Hattie Marshall, of Jacksonville, Fla., opened a swelling on her nose with an ordinary brass pin. Blood poisoning set in and her death followed.

On the plea of toothache a Chicago bank teller obtained a leave of absence. Since then nothing has been heard of him, and there are unpleasant rumors about his accounts.

As Chinese immigration is now prohibited, the Chinese laundry men of California have combined to advance the price of washing, no longer fearing competition from their countrymen.

Umbrella borrowers, who always forget their obligation to return the rain protector, should take warning. One of them at Hamilton, Canada, has just been sentenced to jail for a year.

An old horse at Beaver Falls, Pa., long noted for its slowness, suddenly became remarkably lively, and now is almost as frisky as a colt. There are some who think the animal has gone insane.

The British Government is about to abandon the island of Ascension, 700 miles south of the equator, which it seized in 1815 solely for the purpose of preventing the possible escape of Napoleon.

Down in Florida the other day sparks from the engine set fire to the clothes of a negro who was stealing a railroad ride, and before the poor fellow could be rescued his whole back was burned to a blister.

An East Wareham fisherman recently caught at the Agawam River weir, between sunrise and sunset, with a dip net, 30,000 herrings, or 220 barrels, worth $4 a barrel in the Boston market as bait for deep sea fishing.

A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whisky. It sells for $18 at retail. The Government gets $8.00, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad $1, the manufacturer $1, the vendor $7, and the drinker all that is left—delirium tremens.

In New York, during the early part of last week, five persons fell from windows, an almost unprecedented chapter of that character of accident. And, strangest of all, they didn't fall from the one window, but, on the contrary, "each had a window for himself."

A museum fakir in a Western town recently announced that he would exhibit an educated man, born and bred in Chicago, who could nevertheless speak only broken English. When the people went in to see the curiosity they found that he was a stammerer.

The other day a New Hampshire farmer, who was visiting South Boston, was invited by a stranger to buy a horse for $10. He concluded that it was a good bargain, and paid the sum asked. While he was leading the horse to the city proper the animal dropped dead.

A New England man has beaten the green-goods sawdust men at their own game. He got one of their circulars, and in reply asked for a sample of their goods. They sent him a genuine one dollar bill, and the gentleman of New England stopped the correspondence then and there.

"When a man gets drunk the third time in Atlanta," says a Georgia newspaper, "the city authorities do their best to reform him. The plan they adopt is to send him to the city stockade, where he is put to breaking rock in company with the direst, lowest criminals of all race." As a reform school the stockade is a novelty, to say the least.

Two enterprising liquor dealers in Pittsburg, whose request for a renewal of their license had been denied, chartered a boat, which they anchored off the city, in the Allegheny river, connecting it with the shore by a floating wharf, and at last advices they were doing a thriving business. An inspector who has made an official report of the matter, however, does not believe that the fact of the boat being moved 20 or 30 feet from low water mark exempts the proprietors from prosecution under the State laws.

Two New Yorkers, who are under arrest there as boarding-house sneak thieves, are said to have robbed about a hundred houses in that city as well as in Brooklyn and Jersey City. Over 150 pawn-tickets, representing articles of almost every description, were found in their rooms. Their plan was to call at some fashionable boarding house just at meal time, and, after stating that they were in quest of apartments, one would engage the person showing the rooms in conversation while his accomplice deftly abstracted any article of value that struck his fancy.

CONTRAST.

BY F. A. C.

Two maidens on the sea-shore sit,
The tears of one fall fast,
One o'er the flood a rose-wreath holds
And buds within doth cast.

Woe's very type, the one doth moan,
With pale and trembling brow,
"O sea, O sea, so sad and wild,
How like my life art thou!"

The other, type of very joy,
Shouts laughing at her side,
"O sea, O sea, so clear and mild,
My life's so like thy tide!"

On roars the sea, and o'er it sound
Wailings and merry cheers;
The dark waves roll and aye engulf
The roses with the tears.

In Some Other World.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

THEY met for the first time—on earth—in a crowded ball-room; and—but stay, I anticipate slightly.

She, Gladys, was seated in the shady gloom of a balcony overlooking the street, but made fragrant and retired by banks of perfume-shedding flowers. She was tired, and I had asked her partner to leave her to rest awhile.

As she lay back in the cushioned seat—the balmy air of the summer night fanning her forehead, the dreamy rhythm of the music mingling with the ceaseless roar of London in her ears—a sense of drowsiness took possession of her, from which she was gradually aroused by the curious conviction, familiar to most of us, that a gaze as yet unseen was bent upon her.

She moved restlessly, for she had thought herself alone; then, raising her head, she became aware that at the extreme end of the balcony which ran along six wide windows, a tall, well-made man was leaning, his head bent slightly forward, his eyes fixed on hers.

His face was not in the shadow, but Gladys saw nothing but the eyes. Steady, piercing, concentrated, they compelled her gaze; and as she gazed she felt an indefinable sense of unreality, of bodilessness come over her.

Her soul seemed floating into space. Then she became conscious that a hand held hers, and that a voice spoke to her. Still she seemed floating on—on into nothingness, and looking upwards, she again seemed to meet the steady gaze of those strange eyes.

"We have met before," said the voice.

"Where?" she heard herself say.

"In some other world," was the answer.

Then she struggled back to consciousness. She was still on the balcony, and the last few bars of the waltz still quivered on the air. She had not moved, she knew, for a spray of stephanotis, which had lain on her knee when she passed into her brief trance, lay there still. The stranger stood where she had first seen him, but his eyes were bent upon the ground. His face, his figure, his very attitude, seemed illusively familiar to her. Where had she seen him before?

Later in the evening, as she was returning from the supper-room on the arm of her fiance, Bernard Campbell, her hostess approached her with a tall, distinguished-looking man in her wake.

"Miss Raynor," she said with a smile, "allow me to introduce Mr. Harcourt Kennard."

Gladys looked up to meet the same pair of penetrating dark grey eyes which had so startled her on the balcony. Compelling eyes they were, with the look of quiet power about them which characterized the whole face.

Not a handsome face, but strong (it severe), with lips that could soften into wonderful sweetness, as they were doing now. His hair and moustache were brown, heavily tinged with grey. In age he looked considerably over thirty.

What he saw was a slender, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of perhaps twenty, her face not so much beautiful as *spirituelle*, and indicative of a highly-strung nervous temperament and markedly keen susceptibilities. As their eyes met she started, then turned a shade paler.

"You will waltz with me?" he said in a very low voice.

It was not the request of a stranger, it was rather the acceptance of a foregone conclusion by a tried and privileged friend. She acquiesced, after a moment's hardly perceptible hesitation, and they were soon gliding among the swaying dancers. Neither spoke until the dance was ended, and it seemed to both that it was an unusually short one.

"Have we met before?" she asked, looking up at him with troubled, puzzled eyes, as he led her to a secluded part of the sultry fragrant conservatory.

"Have we?" he queried gravely.

"Never to my knowledge," she said in slow, doubtful tones; "and yet your face seems strangely familiar to me."

"It may be that we have met before," he returned in a very low voice. "If not in this world—in another."

He had seated himself on a low chair near to her, and was slowly furling and unfurling her fan, his eyes on the ground. At his words she started violently, then recovering herself, she said with a half smile:

"In a previous existence, perhaps."

"It may be so," he answered. And as he spoke, she felt his eyes concentrate themselves on hers, felt the same dreamy unconsciousness overcoming her as before.

"Don't!" she said quickly. "Don't! Why do you look at me so?"

"I cannot tell you," he answered, in a strange far-away voice. "You spoke of a previous existence. I feel I am risking your just displeasure at my presumption when I say that it seems to me as though—when or where I know not, in some other planet, perhaps—you had once belonged to me."

Her face crimsoned. She rose, with an indescribably haughty gesture of her pretty head.

"You presume indeed, Mr. Kennard," she said quietly. "Will you kindly take me back to the ball-room?"

He had risen also, and they stood facing one another.

"Forgive me," he said, turning rather pale.

She did not answer, for she was angry. And yet it was a troubled, startled, unwilling anger, too.

"Do you believe in the doctrine of re-incarnation," he asked abruptly, after a short pause, during which Miss Raynor's anger became somewhat modified.

"You mean?" she said without looking at him.

"I mean," he answered steadily, "do you believe that certain souls, spirits—what you will—inhabit successive bodies, pass into other planets, meet and recognize each other in successive existences, and belong to each other for all time?"

No one was near; a tiny fountain plashed in the near distance; the music sounded far away, like music heard in a dream. Gladys shivered slightly, then she raised her eyes to her companion's.

A faint, hardly perceptible agitation swept over his features.

"Do you remember?" he said in low, intense tones, bending slightly towards her.

She put both hands to her head with a low startled cry.

"Ah, don't!" she faltered in a bewildered kind of way. "I do remember, vaguely, indefinitely—but—I do not know what it is that I remember."

A curious smile flitted across his lips; but he only said, and his voice grew deep and shaken:

"In this world, at least, we may be friends, may we not?"

"Friends," she repeated dreamily. "Friends! Yes."

As she spoke she held out her hand to him. His fingers closed over hers for a brief second, then he said quietly:

"Thank you. We may both need a friend."

At this moment Miss Raynor's partner for the next dance appeared in search of her, and with a grave bow Kennard turned away.

The season went on, and they met frequently.

Gladys was to be married in September. Bernard Campbell, her fiance, was a man in a good position, and of good family.

He was rather a cold, stern wooer, perhaps, but he loved his bride-to-be very sincerely, her father approved of him very highly, and she had known him all her life. She had never asked herself whether she loved him or not—until lately.

He was good to look at, generous and intellectual, besides being wealthy and influential, and Gladys had hitherto accepted her fate willingly enough. But of late a curious unrest had possessed her, and it dated from the night of her compact of friendship with Harcourt Kennard.

She wondered that she had never noticed before how cold, how unsympathetic Bernard was. But he was so good, honorable, so much all he ought to be in every way.

She ought to love him very much, she thought remorsefully. But—did she? Now, a man has not touched a woman's heart very nearly when she has to sum up to herself reasons why she ought to love him, and Bernard, who was not so cold as he looked, used to watch her anxiously at this time.

He was far from being a demonstrative lover, but he was human, and he could not but feel a pang of disappointment at the evident distaste with which she shrank now from his lightest caress, even from the kiss of greeting and farewell which was surely his as her lover and future husband. Had she ever loved him? he wondered, or had her sleeping heart only been content and indifferent, because unawakened?

The season had come to an end. Fashionable London was comparatively empty and deserted.

Piccadilly and Regent Street was easily navigable without the aid of eyes in the back of one's head, and the office of the mounted policemen in the Row was decidedly a sinecure. The wearied slaves of pleasure and conventionality had dispersed to seaside, or country, or foreign towns, as their tastes inclined.

Among those who did none of these things was Harcourt Kennard. He was a rising barrister, and devoted himself to his profession with a resolute determined ardor which could hardly fail to bring him success.

That it was the long vacation made no difference to him; he had neither the time nor the money, he said, to waste in holiday-making. His chums at the Bar shrugged their shoulders; but Kennard had a drain upon his income which none of his friends suspected.

As a matter of fact, no one knew much about him, for he was unusually reticent upon subjects relating to himself. He did not look like a happy man, women said. Nor was he.

This summer, however, contrary to his usual custom, he accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go down into Somersetshire for a few days. Among the other guests were Gladys Raynor and Bernard Campbell.

A well-known writer on mesmerism joined the party on the day following Kennard's arrival.

He appeared much interested in the latter, and soon found him almost as ardent a disciple of mesmerism and its attendant phenomena as he was himself.

"Your face betokens singular power of will, Mr. Kennard," he said to him on the second evening, as they stood together in a deep window. "Have you ever exercised the mesmeric influence you so undoubtedly possess?"

"Often," answered the other, with a sudden, quick contraction of his brows.

"Have you ever failed?"

"Never," was the brief reply.

"Ah! I thought not. I should like you to try your power on some of the guests here to-night."

"No, not to-night," said Kennard hurriedly. "I don't feel up to it."

"Don't you? You ought to. Give me your hand."

The other complied, with a short laugh.

Mr. Virrel held it for a few moments, then slowly let it go.

"You will oblige me, will you not?" he said then.

"Very well," replied Kennard, speaking half to himself. "Yes, if you wish it."

Mr. Virrel's suggestion met with a general approval. The hostess, a pretty, excitable young woman, was the first subject, much against her husband's wishes.

But she was a self-willed little dame, and took her own way. Kennard had desired that the room might be perfectly silent.

Mrs. Carden laughed a little at first, then by slow degrees her beautiful eyes became fastened upon Kennard's—wavered, closed. She was completely in his power, and obeyed him implicitly in all he told her to do or say, until her husband angrily interfered, and Kennard released her. Several other guests volunteered, and in spite of evident disbelief, yielded with more or less difficulty to the spell cast over them by Kennard.

Campbell, who was a confirmed sceptic, scornfully refused to take part in any such folly, as he called it, and stood apart with an expression of haughty boredom on his handsome face, until Mr. Virrel approached Gladys.

"Miss Raynor," said the latter gentleman, "will you test Mr. Kennard's power?"

But before she could answer, Kennard said hurriedly, "Miss Raynor will excuse me. I have exhausted my powers."

Gladys flashed a quick grateful glance at him. He was leaning against the mantelshelf, his face deadly pale, his eyes bent on the ground.

In a few minutes he left the room, and was seen no more that night. As the door closed after him, Gladys, half-rising, met her lover's eyes, full of an amazed, severe displeasure.

She flushed crimson, and sank back into her chair. But he had noted the burning blush, and the expression in her eyes as they rested on Kennard.

He said nothing, but from that night a wild bitter jealousy raged in his heart, and robbed him of peace and rest.

During the evening Mr. Virrel said to Gladys:

"I feel certain you are *clairvoyante*, Miss Raynor. Do let me try if I am right."

He was so confident and so importunate that she yielded.

But greatly to his surprise and discomfiture, she did not come under his influence at all.

On the following morning Kennard returned to town.

Time went on. Half September had gone, and it was within a fortnight of Gladys Raynor's wedding day. The weather had been for some days sultry and oppressive, and to-night a thunderstorm seemed imminent.

Harcourt Kennard sat in his chambers in the Temple. The windows were wide open to the night, though the air without was as suffocatingly breathless as within. His usually busy pen was still, his books were pushed aside, and before him lay an open letter.

It was from Gladys Raynor, and contained only a few words, thanking her "friend" for the handsome bracelet he had sent her as a wedding gift.

Her friend, he thought bitterly, only her friend. Nothing more.

He had not seen her since they parted in Somersetshire. He had not dared. For he knew that he loved her, madly, passionately—and in a few short days she would be Bernard Campbell's wife.

He had fought against his passion manfully, but it held him still. A maddening, overwhelming desire was upon him to-night to hear her voice once more, to look into her eyes, to touch her hand. The mad, wild longing seemed to take possession of him, and shook his very soul.

"Ah, my darling, my little Gladys," he groaned half aloud, 'come to me! I cannot live without you. Gladys—come to me!"

He hardly knew what he said; his whole being vibrated with his fierce delirium of mingled passion and despair. He let his head fall forward on his arms, and sat quite still for a long time.

And as he sat there in such bitter suffering as a man rarely knows but once in a lifetime, there came to him again the strange haunting conviction that once—when, he could not know, somewhere—where, he dared not think, before time was, perhaps, or in some unknown world—they had been all in all to each other; and his soul cried out now that she should not be his, but another's.

The hour of midnight boomed out on the overcharged air, and still he had not moved.

The thunder storm had burst with terrific fury; the fierce lightning played upon the walls, and paled the flickering lamp upon the table into insignificance; the long pent-up rain swept in at the open windows.

But Kennard heeded none of these things. For a deadlier, fiercer storm was raging in his own heart.

Suddenly, in a pause between the thunder-claps, he heard a light footstep ascending the stairs, a hand on the lock of the door. He raised his head, and wearily swept the hair off his forehead.

The door slowly opened and shut, and a slender girlish figure, enveloped in a long fur cloak, advanced into the room, her face deathly pale, even through the thick veil she wore, her clothes drenched and clinging about her.

Kennard rose to his feet; but a sudden overpowering giddiness obliged him to lean against the table for support. Was he dreaming, or was it Gladys Raynor whom he saw?

She came slowly but unwaveringly towards him, her hands half-extended, her eyes fixed on his.

"I have come," she said in a low monotone, as of one who talked in her sleep. "You called me. I am here. What do you want with me?"

For a few moments Kennard literally could not speak. He gazed at her—stupefied. Then, with a mighty effort, he said hoarsely, "Gladys! What have I done—what have I done? Child, it is madness for you to be here."

He took her hand as he spoke and placed her gently in a chair, for she was trembling violently. She submitted passively while

he unfastened her cloak and removed her hat, but she pushed away the wine he brought her.

"Take it," he said entreatingly; "you are faint and exhausted. It will do you good."

She obeyed him silently.

"Did you meet any one?" he said then in low, agitated tones. "How did you get in?"

"I do not know how I got in," she murmured. "I met no one. I think not."

"Thank Heaven!" he ejaculated in a disturbed kind of way.

She looked wildly around her, sprang to her feet, and burst into hysterical sobs.

"Oh, what must you think of me?" she cried. "What have I done? Something made me come. Something compelled me. Ah, believe me!"

"Tell me," he said in a carefully suppressed voice. "Tell me how it was, and try to calm yourself. Then you must let me take you home."

As he spoke he put her gently back into her chair again, and seated himself at some distance from her.

"I was sitting alone," she faltered with trembling lips. "Bernard had just gone. I had begged him to release me from our engagement. I had told him I would rather die than marry him; but he refused—he said it was too late; and I was very miserable. Then—quite suddenly—I heard your voice call me. You said—ah! I cannot tell you what you said—but I felt I must come. I could not help it."

A fierce, ungovernable joy filled Kennard's heart; but he only said, controlling his voice with an effort:

"And did you walk all the way in that storm, poor little child?"

"Yes," shuddering, "all the way. I did not know which way to go, but an invisible hand seemed to lead me. I only felt that you called me, that you wanted me, and that I must come."

Kennard had grown very white.

"Gladys," he said huskily and without looking at her, "you say I called you. Tell me—what I said."

"No, no, I cannot," she replied, a burning blush covering her hitherto pale cheeks.

He turned his eyes on hers.

"Tell me," he said, speaking almost in a whisper.

She wavered, then said, almost inaudibly:

"The voice—I heard—it seemed to say—'Gladys—come to me! I—cannot live—without you!'"

Kennard's breath came thick and short; his lips, under his heavy moustache, were white and dry. For a minute he did not speak. Then he said, indistinctly and brokenly:

"Gladys, forgive me. I did say those words—I did call you in my wretchedness—in my intolerable misery. My soul called to yours—and oh! my darling," hoarsely, "yours answered me!"

Again there was a short silence, broken only by the roar of the running rain outside.

"Gladys," he went on, in a voice shaken by passion, the words seeming wrung from him against his will, "I believe in the sight of Heaven we belong to each other!"

She looked up into his haggard face imploringly.

"Ah, don't—don't!" she gasped. "You forget!"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Ah, yes," he muttered, "I forget! You do not know—how much!"

Then, almost sternly:

"Come—let me take you home."

"Pardon my intrusion at such an interesting crisis," said a cold clear voice from the doorway; and the next moment Bernard Campbell strode into the room, his eyes dark with fury, his face grey and drawn as though with physical pain. "I have no longer the slightest wish, Miss Raynor, to control your actions in any way," he went on in the same curiously quiet voice. "You asked me to-night to release you from your engagement. You have your wish—you are free!"

He turned as if to go. He had not taken the smallest notice of Kennard, who stood motionless, speechless, his face stern and set, as though carved in stone. Gladys sprang to her feet.

"Bernard!" she gasped, "what—what do you mean?"

"I mean this," he said, with an inflection of bitter scorn in his clear tones, "that a woman who, as my promised wife, can so far forget herself as to visit another man's rooms—alone—at midnight—is no wife for me! That——"

With a furious exclamation Kennard sprang towards him, then stopped short, and bit his lip violently. For was not this man the affianced husband of the woman he so dearly loved?

"You must be mad, Campbell!" he exclaimed in thick, husky tones. "For Heaven's sake, think what you are saying. This—this meeting is a pure accident, for which I alone am to blame. If you will let me explain, you will see that—that——"

He stopped. Campbell had walked to the mantelpiece, and now stood leaning against it, a bitter smile curving his white lips.

A stranger would have thought him almost calm, so impassive was the cold, handsome face. Not even Gladys guessed the white heat of passion which smouldered under this icy self-possession.

"I await your explanation, Mr. Kennard," he said in a voice almost deadly in its unnatural quietness.

Kennard paused, mentally cursing his own mad folly, which had brought such cruel insult and suspicion on the name of the woman who, even in his thoughts, was so sacred to him.

How could he explain? How could he expect to be believed? Would he believe such a tale, were he in Campbell's place? Most assuredly not!

"Listen," he said almost fiercely. "I—I love Miss Raynor. You, who know her so well, will forgive me so much. To-night, I——"

He paused. Again the evil sneer rested on Campbell's lips.

"I see," he said in icy tones, turning his eyes again upon Gladys, who stood horror-stricken, with dark dilating eyes and quick-drawn breath, "I see. I quite understand. You love Miss Raynor. And she loves you. And she has come here to-night to tell you so. Well—I will not interrupt such tender confidences. I——"

"Heavens!" broke in Kennard violently. "What do you mean? Be silent, and hear me, or I swear I will kill you!"

"Pardon me," returned the other with a pale smile, "I have heard enough, and more than enough. When Miss Raynor asked me to-night to release her from her engagement to me, I did not realize, unhappily, what good reason she had for her request. I realize it now, and beg to resign my rights in your favor. I consider myself fortunate in that I was prompted to follow her to-night. Permit me to leave you together."

With a slight contemptuous bow which included both, he went towards the door. But Kennard could control himself no longer.

With a muttered curse, he flung himself at Campbell's throat, and bore him furiously backwards. But the next instant, Gladys, with a bitter, agonized cry, threw herself between them.

"Harcourt!" she shrieked, "for my sake!"

Kennard's arms fell to his sides; his hands were clenched, his breathing was labored and uneven. For a moment the two men glared at each other, then with a look at Gladys that she never forgot—so intense, so full of bitter scorn and contempt was it—Campbell turned slowly and went out. As the door closed, Kennard leaned back against the wall, like one struck by a heavy blow.

"My darling—my darling!" he muttered deliriously, scarce knowing what he said. "To what insults have I subjected you! Can you ever forgive me?"

"I must go home," she said, pushing back her hair confusedly, and speaking almost in a whisper. "You will take me home? Now—now! At once!"

"Yes—yes—I will take you home," he answered agitatedly. "But first—tell me—is it true that you asked him to release you? Do you not love him, then?"

The last words were almost inaudible. He had come quite close to her, and stood with folded arms, looking down into her eyes.

But he did not attempt to touch her, not even to take her hand.

"Love him!" she cried wildly. "No—no! I have known for a long time that I never loved him. I thank Heaven that I am free. But—but his bitter insulting words make me feel—make me feel——" Her voice quivered into a sob.

Kennard turned from her with a low, inarticulate cry, and throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands. For one moment Gladys hesitated; then she went swiftly towards him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Harcourt!" she said tremulously, and his pulses thrilled at the sound of his name from her lips, "do not be so grieved. I know you are not to blame, dear. It was all my own folly. Harcourt, why do you look at me so? What is it that you fear? You have said you love me. Is it that you think I do not love you? Ah—for a long, long time——"

He started to his feet.

"Stay!" he said hoarsely. "Hush, my darling—do not say it! It is true that I love you. But I dare not offer you my love—dare not hope for the mad joy of yours in return. For—ah! gracious help me!—I am married!"

For quite a minute there was silence.

"Married!" she echoed then, half-stupidly. "Married! Ah no—not that!" Her eyes met his with an agonized terrified appeal that pierced his heart. He turned away with a gesture of despair.

"What must you think of me?" she murmured with white lips. "You are married—and yet you dare to speak to me of love! Ah, what must you think of me! How low I must have fallen in your sight!"

Large tears rolled over her cheeks.

"Don't!" he said indistinctly. "Child, don't cry."

She had begun mechanically to fasten her cloak, and he helped her with nervous, trembling fingers.

"Gladys," he said imploringly, "say—that you forgive me!"

"Hush!" she answered in dull, passionless tones. "Hush! Don't speak to me—yet!"

Together—silently—they descended the stairs, and went out into the court below. The rain still fell heavily, and plashed monotonously in the fountain.

At intervals a peal of thunder rolled in the distance. Neither spoke until they reached the street, then Kennard said almost harshly:

"We had better call a hansom. I will go with you to your own door. Nay," as she made a gesture of dissent, "allow me so much grace. I must justify myself in your eyes. Then I will trouble you no more."

And as they drove through the rain-washed streets, he told her, in a few broken sentences, the story of his marriage. It was the old pitiful story of a boy's mad infatuation for a woman grievously beneath him in every way—of a hasty private marriage, as hastily repented of.

"My infatuation did not last long," he went on bitterly. "I had scarcely been married for two months when I discovered that the woman to whom I had given my name was coarse-minded, illiterate, intemperate, and—more degrading than all—unfaithful. It was my money, my position she loved—not me. Then came terrible scenes. I shudder when I think of her face as I came to know it then, of her brutal taunts, her—— But pah! Why do I pollute your innocent ears with such details. We parted—I agreeing to pay her a certain sum yearly, as the price of my comparative freedom. She was quite content. That was ten years ago. I have never seen her since."

He stopped, for he was terribly agitated, and could hardly command his voice.

"All those years," he went on after a minute, "her allowance has been drawn with unfailing regularity. But this summer, my solicitor tells me, no application has been made. The money has hitherto been paid at a small village in Wales, but from inquiries which I have caused to be made, I learn that she is no longer there. At times, of late, I have allowed myself to indulge in the hope that she no longer lives. But"—between his set teeth—"the she-devil is not likely to die. If I could know that I were free. But, oh, my gracious, I may never know! I have spoiled your life," he went on in shaking tones, "and you have spoken no word of reproach. I have stood by and heard you insulted. I have insulted you myself by the mere mention of my love for you. Child, you do not know how I have battled against it—tried to conquer it! And to-night I have undone it all," he exclaimed with sudden passion. "I must have been mad—mad!"

Gladys had not spoken. He knew that she was weeping. "Say that you forgive."

Just then the cab stopped.

"Ah, yes," she breathed, leaning slightly towards him. "I forgive you. But—you have broken my heart!"

Then they parted. And Kennard paced the streets in the pitiless soaking rain until the busy life of London had begun with the morning.

* * * * * *

Mr. George Virrel occupied a pleasant set of rooms a little way from Piccadilly. He had just finished dinner one evening, some few days after the events narrated above, when a visitor was announced—Mr. Kennard.

"My dear fellow," said Virrel genially, "I am indeed glad to see you. Sit down. Have a cigar, and help yourself to claret."

The two men had met frequently of late, and a warm friendship had sprung up between them.

"Thanks, no; I won't take anything," replied Kennard, striking a match rather absently, without, however, lighting the cigar he held.

"You are in trouble, I fear," observed Virrel, regarding him keenly. "You look ill and haggard."

"I am not ill," returned the other shortly. "At least nothing to speak of. But—I am in great trouble. I have come to you for advice and help."

"I shall be glad to give both, if I can," said his companion quietly. "But it is a difficult problem."

Kennard started, and threw away his unlighted cigar.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you know——?"

"I know almost all you would tell me," returned Virrel, carefully dissecting a walnut as he spoke. "At least I have heard a good deal, and I can guess the rest."

"What have you heard?" said the other, rising and taking a few rapid turns up and down the room.

"I have heard that Miss Raynor's engagement is broken off, though it wants little more than a week of the day fixed for her marriage. That her father, being furious, has vowed to keep her boxed up in the country until she comes to her senses, and that they leave town on Friday. That Campbell has suddenly gone abroad, without leaving any address, etc., etc. Combining all these rumors with certain confidences of yours, I have come to the conclusion that you are in an uncommonly tight place."

"For Heaven's sake don't torture me with your infernal chaff," exclaimed Kennard, throwing himself with considerable violence into a chair. "Can you help me—advise me?"

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow," said Virrel with cool deliberation, "and we will discuss the matter. I have a plan to propose."

* * * * * *

It was past midnight when the two men separated.

"On Friday, then, at noon," were Virrel's last words, as he grasped Kennard's hand in parting. "I will arrange it all."

* * * * * *

It was noon on the following Friday. In Virrel's luxurious sitting-room the glare of the sun was shut out by thick velvet curtains.

A silver lamp of curious workmanship burned on the table, shedding a dim uncertain light which scarcely defined the features of three people who stood near it—Virrel, Kennard, and Gladys Raynor. The latter was very pale, and seemed much agitated.

As for Kennard, he looked exceedingly ill, and, indeed, he was ill. Virrel looked serious and preoccupied, as usual.

"It is too much for you," said Kennard, addressing Gladys in low, unsteady tones. "You are trembling and nervous. We will put it off until another time, until——"

"No, no," she interrupted him feverishly. "There will be no other time. I do not know when we may meet again. Oh, quick—quick! We leave at two, and my father will be waiting for me."

"Are you ready?" said Virrel suddenly, from the other other end of the room.

Gladys seated herself in a low chair, and Kennard bent over her.

"Darling, you understand?" he said. "Abandon your whole will to mine. You know—how much is at stake."

"Yes," steadily, "I know—I understand."

He paused, then said with an effort:

"Gladys—look at me."

She obeyed. But Kennard was so agitated and unnerved that his usually strong will failed him.

After some time he gave up the attempt in despair.

"I cannot," he said harshly. "I am idiotically nervous and unstrung."

With an impatient exclamation Virrel put him aside, and took the girl's hands in his.

But after a minute or two he dropped them, saying abruptly:

"I have no power over her. I tried once before. As I told you, here is one of those rare temperaments which only respond to the influence of one operator. Give me your hand, Kennard, and for Heaven's sake keep cool. Wait—drink this," pouring out a glass of clear and sparkling liquid from an antique flagon on a side table.

Five minutes elapsed. Then Kennard withdrew his hand from Virrel's, saying quietly:

"I am all right now. I am ready."

Gladys raised her beautiful eyes to his. The old dreamy spell came over her. In a few moments she was in a deep trance.

"Gladys," he said in a low intense voice, "take hold of this," holding out to her a piece of crumpled note paper, covered with sprawling, uneducated handwriting, "and follow the life of—of Marion Kennard."

Her fingers closed over it mechanically. There was a brief silence; then a slight shiver passed over her.

"Yes, Harcourt," she murmured. "I know what you would have me do. I will."

She answered clearly all the questions Kennard put to her, Virrel meanwhile noting down her answers on a sheet of paper.

But sometimes she paused for almost a minute before answering. Once she remained silent so long that Kennard fell [illegible] rapidly forsaking him.

Then she said in a hushed voice:

"I see her now—again. She is lying straight, and white, and still. She is in her coffin."

With the last words she shuddered and became silent.

"Gladys," said Harcourt in a voice which it required all his self-command to keep steady, "look again and tell me what you see."

"I see," she answered dreamily, a "crowd of people in the room. Their faces are hard and repellent; and their speech—I can only with difficulty understand it, and yet it is not a foreign tongue. I see bare, roughly-made furniture. There are no flowers in the window, no pictures on the walls. On the mantelpiece I see a curiously-constructed clock. It is an almanac as well as a clock, and——"

Kennard reeled slightly, and uttered a low, rapid exclamation.

"What is the date?" he said agitatedly.

"It points to the 2nd of October," she answered almost immediately, "and the year is 188—."

"Ah, so! A year ago," involuntarily exclaimed Virrel, who now spoke for the first time.

"Look from the window and tell me what you see," said Kennard again.

"I see a sandy beach," she answered slowly, "and tossing waves, and a great dome-like rock far out on the water. I see a common covered with nets, and a harbor. I see——"

Here Kennard, with an inarticulate cry, suddenly dropped her hands. She awoke and started up, looking round her wildly. But the double strain had been too much for Kennard, and he had only time to get to a chair, when, for the first time in his life, he fainted.

It was some time before he came to himself again, and when he did, Gladys bent over him eagerly and excitedly.

"Harcourt," she whispered, "have I helped you? Have I done as you wished?"

"Yes," he answered faintly. "I have the clue. It is not much; but it is enough."

"An—I must go," she said suddenly, glancing at the timepiece.

"One moment," said Kennard, struggling to his feet. "What a weak fool you must think me—but I am all right now. I shall see you to-night, Virrel," he continued hurriedly.

"My dear fellow," said the other in a determined aside, "I will put Miss Raynor into a hansom, and you will remain quietly here until I return. There," as Kennard staggered slightly; "you're not fit to walk at present. I knew it. Sit down, and I will talk to you when I come back."

"No—no, you must not come," exclaimed Gladys in quick nervous tones. "You are ill. Oh—how white you are!"

She held out her hands to him as she spoke; and Virrel considerately walked into the inner room.

"Good-bye, then," Kennard said hoarsely. "Forgive my stupid weakness, but I have

been ill and out of sorts for some days. Gladys—we may never meet again. For your sake I wish we had never met. But you have given me new hope; some indefinable intuition tells me that—that I am free. I shall leave no stone unturned—no clue unfollowed. Gracious bless you, my darling. I shall write to you if—if I am successful. If not—it is good-bye indeed—until—hereafter!"

He did not kiss her, not even the little hands that lay trembling in his. Their hands met in silence.

Then Virrel entered the room again, and in another moment Kennard was alone.

* * * * *

Six weeks had passed; and Gladys—motherless since her childhood—was now left fatherless as well.

On the day following her father's funeral she returned, stunned and grief-stricken, to London. A telegram awaited her. It was dated from a fishing village in Scotland, and was from George Virrel. Its words were these: "Kennard is very ill. Come if possible."

On a wet, stormy evening, twenty-four hours later, Gladys stepped out on the platform of the quiet little station at Girvan. Mr. Virrel met her.

"What news?" she gasped, seizing his arm.

"He is better—he is conscious," answered Virrel. "I will tell you all as we go along."

"But—his wife?" she said, trying to speak calmly.

"She died a year ago!" was the answer.

"Ah—thank gracious!" she said in all reverence.

Well—I don't know that there is much more to tell. Kennard, ill as he was, had gone straight to Girvan; for he had recognized from Gladys' description in her trance the village which was his wretched wife's birthplace, and where he had first met her, one ill-starred summer long ago.

He found there the certificate of her death, which had taken place in the autumn of the previous year. Her lover, it appeared, had drawn her allowance until his own death some months ago.

Having completed all the links in the chain of evidence which gave him back his freedom, Kennard's strength suddenly gave way, and the fever against which he had been fighting for weeks brought him almost to death's door.

Virrel came down to look after him, and as we have seen, sent for Gladys.

When the sick man was strong enough to see that young lady, we will presume that he thanked her in a suitable and efficient way for the share she had had in lifting the shadow which might have clouded his life for ever.

At all events, he had a very good time during his convalescence, and Virrel kindly effaced himself a good deal.

Whether Kennard and Gladys had belonged to each other in a previous existence—a fact of which they, with Virrel, were firmly persuaded—I cannot tell; but they mutually agreed to belong to each other here; and a month afterwards they were married. There was one curious circumstance, by the way, connected with Kennard's illness. It was this. On his recovery he found that his mesmeric power was entirely gone.

This was a matter of never-ceasing regret to Virrel. But Gladys said she thought it was just as well.

The Evil Eye.

BY MARTIN BAYLE.

A WEALTHY nobleman once dwelt on the banks of the Vistula, in a fine mansion, all the windows of which looked upon the stream, none of them showing the road or the spacious barns. The long avenue of lime trees which led to the mansion was covered with grass and weeds, and it could easily be seen that few foot-fares visited the solitary dwelling.

The owner of the mansion, who had come from foreign parts, had not resided in it above seven years. The peasants had scarcely ever seen his face, and they avoided him with fear and trembling, for fearful stories had been told concerning him.

He was born on the River San, of wealthy parents, but misfortune had pursued him from his cradle. He had an "Evil Eye," which brought sickness and death to all on whom it gazed.

If in the "evil hour," as it was called, he looked at his flock, they perished before his gaze; and if he praised anything, its beauty was gone at once. His parents had died from grief at his obvious destiny, and the Enchanted One—as he was called in the neighborhood where his glance had done incalculable mischief—had sold his ancestral domains, and had come to live in the beautiful house on the Vistula.

He allowed no human being to approach him, and only retained an old servant, who alone could remain uninjured by his glance.

It was by design that he had all the windows of his house opening on the river, for on two occasions his barns had taken fire when he looked upon them in the "evil hour."

By this arrangement he drew upon himself the curses of the boatmen, who pointed with terror to the large windows, a glance from which had so often brought sickness.

Indeed, their vessels were almost always damaged by the storm when they moored off the landing-place opposite to the "White House," as the mansion was called.

On one occasion a boatman took courage. Rowing up to the "White House," he desired to speak to the Enchanted One.

The old servant conducted the audacious stranger into the hall where his master sat at table. Enraged at the interruption to his meal, the noble darted a severe look at the intruder, who, being immediately attacked by a violent fever, fell speechless at the doorway. The old servant, by command of his benevolent master, conducted the boatman to his boat, gave him a number of gold pieces, and rowed him to the opposite bank.

The man remained ill for a long time, and when he afterwards told the story, giving a most horrible description of the "White House" and the Enchanted One, he increased the terror of his comrades. From that time every boatman, as he passed the mansion, closed his eyes, and silently prayed to all the saints, trembling with fear if anyone spoke to him of the "Evil Eye."

Ten years had elapsed since the boatman's misfortune, but the "White House" still remained the terror of the neighborhood.

No one visited the Enchanted One, and he passed his days in unhappy loneliness. One hard winter pressed heavily on the country. The wolves assembled in flocks, and howled fearfully about the mansion, while the noble sat by the blazing fire on his hearth, and in a melancholy mood turned over the leaves of a ponderous volume.

The old servant, who had closed all the doors for the night, sat warming himself at the other side of the hearth.

"Stanislas," said his master, "have you caught many fish to-day?"

"Not many," was the answer, "but quite sufficient for us both."

"True," remarked the unhappy gentleman. "How many years have we two remained alone? Alas! for the fatal hour in which I was born! doomed as I am to perpetual loneliness, and shunned by all mankind as a monster!"

And he dried the tears which bewildered his eyes.

Suddenly they heard a human voice without, calling for help. The lord trembled, for to him the sound was unusual. The old servant rushed out, and the master followed with a lamp in his hand.

Before the gateway stood a covered sledge, by the side of which stood an old man calling for help. When he saw the two persons approach from the house, he lifted out his wife who had fainted. The old servant assisted a lovely maiden, the daughter of the stranger, to alight.

Fresh wood was heaped on the hearth. The mother was placed by the fire, and the master of the house, ordering his choice Hungarian wine to be brought from the cellar, bade welcome to the stranger.

The servant smiled to himself as he remarked the cheerful countenance of his master and the stranger, who was in reality a noble, related, during supper, how he and his family had fled from their own castle, which was now in the possession of the Turks, and had reached the "White House" with difficulty, notwithstanding the fleetness of their horses.

When supper was over the sledge was unpacked, and the weary travellers were conducted by their host to a warm, comfortable chamber.

Stillness once more reigned in the mansion, and the fire dimly flickered in the spacious hall. When one o'clock struck, old Stanislas was asleep on the hearth.

Suddenly the door of his master's apartment opened, and the Enchanted One entered in his night attire. The old servant rubbed his eyes and murmured out:

"What! my poor master; are you not yet asleep?"

"Silence, old friend," replied the master, with a joyous air. "I cannot sleep; and I should never desire to sleep if I were always as happy as I feel now."

And, seating himself in the great armchair, he smiled and at the same time began to weep.

"Weep, master, weep," thought Stanislas; "perhaps the evil glance will flow away with thy tears."

"If the Almighty would only grant me my wish," said the Enchanted One, "I should desire nothing more in this world. For thirty years I have lived like a hermit or a condemned felon, and yet I have never committed a crime, and my soul is free from sin. Oh, my unfortunate eyes!"

Deep sorrow oppressed his face, which had just before been so joyous; but the smile soon reappeared, and it could easily be perceived that a ray of hope had again succeeded the desolation of grief.

"Old friend," said he, "perhaps I shall marry."

"Heaven grant you may," said the servant. "But where is the bride?"

The master rose from his chair, approached the travellers' room on tiptoe, and, pointing to the door, said softly:

"There!"

Stanislas nodded as if to approve his master's choice, and then, with joyful activity, threw a handful of wood on the hearth.

His master returned to his apartment, buried in thought; while the old servant murmured:

"Heaven grant it may be so! But, 'when the sky falls, we may catch larks.'"

And he gradually fell asleep.

On the following morning the eldest guest arose, strengthened and refreshed. However, his departure was impossible, for his wife lay in a burning fever.

No one could be happier than the lord of the house when he heard that the stranger would pass some days with him; and old Stanislas began to think that "larks might be caught," after all.

The guest, although a nobleman, possessed no great wealth, but merely enjoyed a tolerable competence. The friendly manners of his host pleased him much; and he one day said to his wife, whose health had greatly improved:

"Methinks, Margaret, our host is making love to our little Maria, and, as far as I can see, she is well pleased with him. I only hope I am right."

"Oh, you have taken that into your head, have you?" said his wife, although she was really gratified, for her husband had expressed no more than she had already imagined.

"The man is not poor; he is of a steady, respectable character, and is not wanting in anything," continued the noble, as he paced up and down the room; "and our Maria is a good-looking girl enough."

After supper the old guest again drank of the choice Hungarian wine, complacently smoothed down his gray moustache, and listened with evident satisfaction when his host humbly begged the hand of his daughter.

"I am well pleased with you friend," replied he after a long pause; "and as you do not begin by asking about the dowry, but have enough bread in your own cupboard, she may as well bring her spinning here as anywhere else."

Soon afterwards the guests departed, but in three months after the Enchanted One brought his young wife home. Grass and weeds vanished from the avenue, for it was thronged with coaches and horses that brought the friends and relatives of the lovely bride to the "White House." In a few days all was still as before, and foul weeds once more defaced the avenue.

When winter again returned, the mistress of the house was the only additional resident. The numerous servants who had been engaged fled when they learned that their master had the "Evil Eye," and the few who remained after the rest laid on a sick bed.

The young and lovely lady lay in an agony on her stately couch, while her unhappy husband, averting his face, pressed her hands in his own.

Although she was perfectly aware of her husband's fatal power, she, at the same time, in the ardor of her love, supplicated him to look upon her once more.

"Maria," cried the unfortunate woman, "I can never be happy with them so long as I have these eyes. Pluck them out! I will feel no pain at my hands."

The poor man shuddered at this frightful request, and the Enchanted One, sinking in despair, began to weep bitterly.

"Of what use to me," said he, "are all the pleasures of sight, when my own eyes have been long the source of misfortune? But console thyself. Our child shall, at any rate, never behold these eyes—it shall never have to curse the memory of its father!"

A suppressed groan was the lady's only answer.

The Enchanted One left the apartment, and suddenly a cry was heard at each extremity of the "White House."

At one end a new-born child was crying in the lady's apartment; at the other, in the great hall, was heard the piercing shriek of a man. The infantine cry proclaimed that a new being greeted the rays of the sun—the shriek of the man announced the awful fact that the father of the child had taken an eternal farewell of the light of day.

Six years afterwards, a row of bright windows opened on the fair village and the spacious barns. The boatmen had a fine landing-place near the "White House."

The mistress of the mansion was well and cheerful, and her greatest joy was a little daughter, who conducted her blind father about the village.

The peasants, who had formerly fled before the Enchanted One, now approached with friendly air when they saw the blind man walking with his child. The death-like stillness had again departed the mansion, for a numerous retinue of servants filled the hall.

Old Stanislas had, on the dreadful day, buried the destructive eyes near the garden wall. Once he felt curious to know what was their present condition he found them still shining like lapers, but scarcely had their light reached his face than he was seized with a trembling, fell back, and died.

Thus, for the first and last time, was the old servant affected by the destructive eyes of the Enchanted One.

Some said that had not harmed him before because his master had been so long of him, and the heart had deprived the glance of its force. Now, however, they had acquired new power, and had killed the faithful servant.

His blind master pitied him with all his soul, and placed on his grave a beautiful cross, before which the boatman knelt and prayed when they landed at the "White House."

A WORD, or the want of a word, is a little thing; out into the momentary wound or chasm so made or left, throng circumstances; these thrust wider and wider asunder, till the whole round bulk of the world may lie between two lives.

Wife, at breakfast: "I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What are the 'probabilities?'" Husband, consulting his paper: "Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."

THERE is not one so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A convention of parrots will soon be held in Turin, and a great many learned old fellows are expected to be present. Prizes will be given to the best singer, the brightest conversationalist, and the finest orator. A great many queer stories have been told about parrots but the coming show will give the world a chance to know precisely what they have to say.

It is not generally known that if a $1 greenback is neatly cut in two each of the halves is good for fifty cents at the Federal Treasury. The same process is carried on till the bill is divided into tenths without injuring the aliquot value of its parts. This has been suggested as an easy way of obtaining small sums to send by mail now that the extremely convenient fractional currency has disappeared; but it is not likely to be generally adopted, a half note being an awkward thing to pass at a bank. The popular objection to such fragments comes down from a time when one-half a bank-note was worthless without the other half. It is to-day in England, and the division of a bank of England note is a frequent way of ensuring its safety when sent by mail.

Bonnetsville, Ind., it is said, holds within its confines a remarkable freak. The wonder is a man who three years ago, during a storm, was engaged in gathering potatoes, when the tree [illegible] was struck by lightening. He received a severe shock. It transformed him into a genuine electric man. Any one who shakes hands with him now receives a severe shock. By passing the blade of a knife between his thumb and finger during the progress of a storm he charges the metal so strongly that heavy weights can be lifted. When flies light upon him they drop dead, and when he is in a dark room sparks flash from his flesh and his eyes shine like incandescent lights. Whenever a storm approaches he becomes highly charged with electricity and it is dangerous to touch him. He claims that he feels no inconvenience, except that he will go near no moving locomotive for fear of being drawn against it and killed.

A gentleman who has just returned from an extended foreign tour was asked lately why he had not brought home from Egypt, among other curios, a mummy. He said there was a great deal of fraud in the mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well preserved and natural looking as possible, and, as those found are generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, venders have been engaged in the business of manufacturing to go in mummies. They bargain with fellaheen, beggars and such people for their dead bodies, paying them for a sum sufficient to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled, and then smoked until they are good imitations of the genuine mummy. Whole rows of these articles can be seen in smokehouses at once. When sufficiently dry they are wrapped in mummy cloth and sent to America chiefly, bringing a high price.

Six youths of respectable birth in Hungary, recently formed a kind of club, and arranged among themselves to put their spare money into a general fund and spend it from time to time in social entertainments together. Too many weeks elapsed, however, not only the spare cash, but almost every copper that these young fellows possessed in the world, vanished in mild dissipation; and the members of the club then determined that, as they were paupers they would all commit suicide. With this object in view they went to a wood near Pesth, taking with them a six-chambered revolver, which was to be a common instrument of death. A boy of seventeen was first to put the decision into practice. He deliberately tried the ball in the lock and a second interesting breast and fell. Thereupon four of the others lost heart and left the fifth not deterred by the sight of the bleeding body of his friend, picked up the pistol and discharged it into the direction of his heart. He died but the others recovered, and will probably not join another suicide club.

The Rev. Mr. Blackwell, the pastor of the Central Christian Church, tells the story of an audacious burglar who recently visited his residence. It was along in the evening when the burglar called, and the family were all away, only a seven-year-old neighbor boy being in the house. "Is Mr. Blackwell at home?" the burglar asked the boy when he came upon the youthful gentleman in the parlor. "No, there is no one here but me," replied the boy. "I have some things here I want then," and with that the visitor began his search, chatting with the boy meanwhile. The lad followed closely at his heels over the house and told him where things were kept. After he had loaded himself up he thanked the boy for his kindness and left with the booty. "When I got home," continued Mr. Blackwell, "I found everything upside down, and, going to the home of the boy, asked what was the matter. He told me about the visit of a 'nice gentleman, how kindly he had acted, and how good he was. Well, I reported the loss to the Station avenue station, but the policemen have not as yet found the nice gentleman or my things."

Our Young Folks.

THE BARON AND THE BUNS.

BY PIPKIN.

EVERYBODY said he was a bad baron—worse than all the giants in all the story-books. They said he was a black, wicked, bad monster of a baron. And they were quite sure it was true—just because everybody said so.

When this terrible Baron von Growler went out of his castle cats and dogs and cocks and hens fled before him. The children screamed and ran away. He never went into poor folk's cottages to visit them; and when he spoke he shouted.

The only child that was not afraid of him was his own little grand-daughter, who lived with him at the castle. Her name was Elsa. She pulled the flowers in his garden without fear, and went sliding on his marble floors, and even put on his jewels just for fun. The Bad Baron had priceless jewels, and he had a very careless way of leaving them lying about. All his servants were honest: they would not touch his jewels for anything, for fear he might chop off their heads.

Little Elsa had a dear old nurse, named Dame Dorothy, who lived in a cottage on the hill. One bright March morning she was going to see Dame Dorothy, so—like the foolish little girl that she was—she put on the baron's very best diamond ring. It had a great star of diamonds in it; and it was so big that when she shook her finger it twisted round and round, all the diamonds sparkling like white fire.

On the way to Dame Dorothy's, Elsa met half-a-dozen friends of hers, who were going there too.

"Why?" said Elsa.

"Don't you know," they said, "that every year Dame Dorothy sends an Easter gift to some girl in the village. But none of us ever get it. You see, it always goes to some poor cottage girl, whose sweeps and cooks all day. So we are going to Dame Dorothy's own cottage, and we shall ask her to let us be very industrious, and sweep and cook all day too, and then one of us may get the Easter gift this time."

Elsa thought this a splendid plan that the girls had made.

"You see," the little girls went on, "Dame Dorothy's gift never comes to anyone for being clever and accomplished, but only for working hard."

After all, the work and the cookery were much more necessary. When one of them painted nobody had cared for her picture; and another remembered that when she had played the violin everybody had gone to sleep.

But who could do without dinner or who would like to do without puddings? So they all decided that Dame Dorothy was right in sending the present to the poor little girl who worked the hardest. And having made up their minds to be poor little girls for one day and to work hard, they went all together to the poor woman's cottage.

People said that the old woman was very rich, and had a hoard of money hid away somewhere, or else how could she send gold earrings and bracelets, and even purses of money? Everybody said so; and again, everybody said that what everybody said must be true.

* * * * * *

Two days after the girls visited the cottage, a notice appeared on all the walls. The people said that the baron was a tyrant more than ever; for the notice commanded that no buns should be eaten in the village or in the town, but every one that had buns should bring them at once to the castle.

"The cruel, heartless monster," they said; "he won't even leave us a penny bun."

Now there is a reason for every thing, and the reason for this command was something that happened the day before. The baron was out and was going towards Dame Dorothy's cottage when he met a very small peasant girl, riding on a donkey, and carrying a very large basket of buns.

He stared in surprise. The donkey was making his own way to town, while the child sat on his back.

The Bad Baron stood still and roared at them. The child screamed, and the donkey ran away with her at full speed. And yet all that the baron said was, "What a very intelligent donkey, I do admire that donkey." But it was no wonder that he frightened them, for he said it as if he was shouting up a flood.

Farther on the little girl with the buns met poor Gretchen from the village, driving home her geese from the market.

"Oh, what a darling donkey!" said Gretchen, "I wish I was rich, I would buy that donkey."

"Father would sell him," said the child on the donkey's back; "but he would want heaps of money. But I'll tell you what you may do; you may rub his nice white nose."

Gretchen rubbed the donkey's head, and stroked his ears.

"I wish I could buy him," she said; "but I have only a penny in the world."

"Ah!" said the little girl on the donkey's back; "then buy a bun."

So Gretchen bought a bun, found her five geese which had wandered into the ditches, and then she went farther on towards her home.

As she passed by Dame Dorothy's cottage the voice of the fierce baron was heard inside.

"So you tell me, Dame Dorothy, there is no girl that deserves my Easter gift this year."

There was no answer, but the moment after the cottage door burst open and the baron stepped out into the light with a slate in his hand, from which he was reading Dorothy's written reply. He read it out at the top of his voice, and seemed to be very angry before he got to the end of it.

"No," Dame Dorothy had written. "The children of the rich families came yesterday, and made bull's-eyes and other sweets which they ate up, and a basketful of buns, which I have sent to the market to be sold. But they did it on purpose to get your present: and your own little grand-daughter, Miss Elsa, lost all the diamonds out of your ring."

Gretchen could not help hearing this when she was passing the cottage door. When she got to the house, she thought, "Here I have a bun made by young ladies and by the baron's own grand-daughter. I must take a bite at once.

But she nearly choked; for there was something hard in the bun. She took the little hard thing in her fingers. It sparkled in the sun. Was this a diamond?

Poor little Gretchen turned back at once, and held it out on her hand to the Bad Baron.

"One of my diamonds!" he shouted so loudly that Gretchen nearly tumbled down.

"I found it in the bun, sir," said Gretchen.

"What?" asked the Baron.

"In the bun, sir; I found it in the bun."

"What!" roared the baron.

Gretchen was afraid to speak. Old Dame Dorothy took the slate and wrote on it, "Found it in a bun. The diamonds must have been lost in making the cakes. All the others must be in the other buns."

"You are an honest girl," shouted the baron, "and Dame Dorothy shall not seek out any other girl for me this year, but you shall have my Easter gift. What present would you like my little girl?"

Gretchen made a courtesy, and said at once. "If you please, sir—the donkey that carried the buns."

* * * * * *

It was then that the notice appeared commanding that no bun should be eaten in the village or in the town, and that everyone who had a penny bun should bring it to the castle and give it up at once. And all the people said, "What a tyrant he is! He never comes to speak to us, he won't even leave us a penny bun."

But to their great surprise they found that all the buns were paid for as soon as they were taken to the castle. And as they were all carefully examined, the missing diamonds were found.

Gretchen, who was a quick-witted little girl, had learned a wonderful secret. She had found out that the baron was not a Bad Baron at all, but that he was to be pitied because he was quite deaf, and his deafness was the reason why he never went to talk to his people. Dame Dorothy had no hoard of money hidden away, and the present she sent every year was really the baron's gift for the best girl in the village. He could not easily find out who the best girl was, but Dame Dorothy could; so he entrusted her with it to send.

That year, on Easter eve, there was a very loud knock at the door of the cottage where poor little Gretchen lived. She opened the door. A servant man, wearing the baron's livery, made her a bow and said, "Baron Von Growler's Easter gift," and there was the donkey—with the white nose—the very donkey she had admired and wished for.

The baron was called the "Bad Baron" no more; and people learned at last that what "everyone says" is not always true.

As for Elsa who had lost the jewels, she never tried on other people's jewelry again; and she has had from that day a violent dislike to bull's-eyes and penny buns.

THE FOX OUTWITTED.

BY A. W. B.

A DOG belonging to a certain farm, being out one fine day for a walk, met a fox, who, pretending to be very ill, asked the dog to help him home, and to protect him on the way—a wish with which the good-natured dog readily complied.

Upon arriving home, the fox prepared a dainty meal, which he knew the dog would take some long time to consume; then making an excuse to the effect that he wished to visit a neighbor who was seriously ill and lived at some little distance, he made the dog promise to await his return, that they might have a quiet chat together afterwards.

The dog consented to stay, and the fox ran off, but instead of visiting the sick neighbor he proceeded at once to the farm, which he knew was now unprotected by the dog.

Arriving at the farm he went to the fowl-yard, and before anyone knew what had occurred he captured one of the birds, and made off with it.

But the difficulty arose as to how he was to get it home without the dog knowing.

"Oh," thought the fox, "I have it. Why, of course, I must hide it somewhere near at hand until the farmer's dog has returned."

Accordingly hiding the fowl behind a bush close to his den, he went home, and thanking the dog for his great kindness in staying and taking charge of his den, escorted him part of the way homeward.

Unfortunately for Mr. Reynard number one, another fox happened to be passing just as the fowl was being hidden, and, of course, saw the hiding-place.

Accordingly, not being more honest than the other, he waited until Mr. Reynard had gone away, when he quietly walked off with the fowl to his own den.

You can imagine Mr. Fox's surprise, upon his return, to find that the fowl which he had taken so much trouble to steal had been in turn stolen from him.

"What a shame it is," said he, "that people cannot leave honest folk's things alone. It is, indeed, very hard to have one's dinner stolen."

But I daresay the farmer thought the same, and for once, no doubt, he and his old enemy the fox were agreed.

Thus it often happens that we see things in a very different light when they affect ourselves.

A QUEER PICNIC.

BY P. K.

WHEN I was quite a little boy we had a donkey. There were four of us (of course I don't mean that we were all donkeys, oh, dear, no!). I was one, my brother Bob was the next, then came Neddy the donkey, and then Fox, our dog: that made four.

We were all friends and had plenty of fun together, yet we did not always get on, particularly when we wanted to get on Neddy.

Our Neddy was a nice-looking, pleasant, but very funny animal. He was quite quiet and tame; he seldom brayed. But he did not like Fox, and if Fox was near our Neddy would trot, and then gallop away like a mad donkey.

Yet Fox was only in fun when he thus snapped at Neddy.

One day we four went out for a little excursion—a kind of picnic—which our Neddy and Fox enjoyed quite as much as we did.

We had a little cart to which we harnessed our Neddy, and in the cart—only a tiny one—we put some lunch: some biscuits and jam, sandwiches and lemonade, bread and butter, all higgledy-piggledy; because we knew by experience of other excursions that whether we arranged all the things or not, our Neddy would mix them up somehow, either by kicking up behind and before, or by rolling the cart into a ditch when he wanted a roll and we wanted a biscuit.

We had tin cups, and put our lemonade in a small stout jar packed in straw.

Knives and forks did not matter much, and we had two tin plates.

We said we would go to Fairy Glen, a pretty place, in which was a little stream, and a corner by the farthest wall where there were plenty of splendid thistles for our Neddy.

At 11 o'clock we set off. Neddy was very good that morning, and Fox quite playful.

We were glad the donkey was so quiet, because we would enjoy our lunch more if the bread and jam were not mixed up with the mustard and the salt, which we had in paper packets. All went well; and we reached the Fairy Glen in good time.

We laid a newspaper for a table-cloth, and then, when our backs were turned, Fox sat and lay down on it.

We hunted him away, and the more we hunted him the more he kept coming back and lying on the "cloth!" We gave up the paper to him—he seemed to be reading the advertisements of lost dogs—and spread a table-napkin under our sandwiches.

We had scarcely laid the jam-pot on it to prevent it blowing away when up ran Fox, and, in the rudest manner, seized a sandwich, ran away with it, and ate it up at one gulp!

"Oh, Harry!" screamed Bob. "Fox has eaten a mustard sandwich!"

"So I see," was my reply; "he will repent it."

He did—and very soon too. At first the dog stood quite still, and thought something was in his mouth.

Then he looked all round him, tossed his head, growled, ran his nose along the ground, and, I am afraid, ran it into a thistle!

Oh, what a noise he made! He barked and danced up in the air; the mustard was very strong, I suppose. Then he leaped over the brook, plunged back, barked at Neddy, and actually bit his heels.

Then he twirled round and round in a circle after his tail, until he seemed just one streak of dog under the trees. Then he rushed at our Neddy, and then the fun began.

You should have seen our Neddy! He had been munching his thistles very quietly until Fox attacked him.

He kicked, reared, plunged his head between his fore legs, and at last set off along the path by the river towards the keeper's cottage. He led us a pretty dance, and Fox made him worse.

At length our Neddy ran into the keeper's garden patch, and we held him fast.

But he would not return to our picnic place. We pulled him, and pushed him, and dragged him, side-ways, long-ways, every way, but he would only back when we pulled him forward, and go on when we pulled his tail and if we both pushed on one side he pushed us back, and if we pushed one on each side he ran on, and we came down flop into each other's arms on the ground!

What a nice afternoon we were enjoying—and our lunch laid under the trees all the while! Oh, dear! We thought of the jam.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Bob. "I will fetch the stirrups and saddle and things, and ride him. They are in the cart."

We always brought the saddle and bridle with us, because after a picnic we had a donkey-ride, and sometimes our Neddy kicked us off, and then waited till we mounted again.

So Bob saddled him, and Neddy stood quite still.

This was very nice. Bob mounted on our Neddy's back, and he still stood quite still.

This was very kind of him, but when Bob said "Gee-up," Neddy still remained still, and would not stir. Then I borrowed a broom from the cottage, and hit him to make him "gee-up."

He wouldn't! No, our Neddy would not move. I whipped him with the brush, Fox nipped him with his mustardy mouth, Bob spurred him with his heels, and said, "You shall go."

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" said our Neddy. In a moment his heels were close to my head, and Bob went flying off in the air somewhere. Off went his cap, and off went he! "The little dog laughed to see the sport," and I stood, all bare-headed and torn and untidy as I was, holding the broom, and shouting "Gee-up!"

Then with another "Hee-haw" our Neddy went back to the thistles, and left us looking at each other, and Fox looking at both of us.

We felt rather tired and hungry, so we followed our Neddy's example and went back to our lunch.

We found the sandwiches quite safe, but a number of bees had settled on the jam-pot, and we had to drive them away, and Bob got stung on the hand.

Fox wouldn't eat anything more; so when we had finished our lunch we took off our Neddy's saddle and harnessed him to the cart. He never said a word, but went home as quietly as a lamb, and behaved himself all the way quite like our old Neddy.

But we didn't have another picnic for a long while.

WHAT THERE IS IN A NAME.—Not only countries but counties have been a fruitful source of surnames. John from Cornwall became John Corwall or Cornish. Richard who lived near a piece of woodland was spoken of as Richard at or near the wood, originating the surname Atwood, or John living near the hill became John Hill.

So with Underhill, Atwell, etc. John living near a clump of oaks was John atten oak, abbreviated into Noaks, or William who had pitched his tent or cabin near a notable ash tree was known as William at the ash or William atten ash, which easily drifted into Nash.

So, too, Thomas who lived near a small stream (or in Anglo-Saxon a tookey) was Thomas at the becket, and thus was named the martyr Thomas a'Becket.

The most common terminations of English surnames taken from places are ford, ham, lea, and ton. Ford is from the Saxon faran, to go, signifying the place where a stream should be crossed.

In the name of Shakespeare's birthplace we have a memento of three different eras of English history, viz., the periods of the occupancy by the old Britons, the Romans and Saxons. Strat is an abbreviation of strata (street), the name by which the great Roman roads were known. Ford tells us that one of these roads cross a stream, and the Avon, is the name which the old Britons or Celts gave to streams.

The word lea, legh, or leigh signifying a partially wooded field, served as the ending for many surnames, such as Horsley, Cowley, Ashley, Oakley, Lindley and Berkley, or Berchley. Hay or haw means a hedge, and this has given us Hayes, Haynes, Hasey, Haywood, Hawes, Haworth, Hawthorn, Haughton, or Houghton.

Occupations, too, have afforded an endless array of surnames. This method was used by the Romans in such names as Faber (smith), Pictor (painter), Agricola (farmer).

In England a skilful hunter would adopt that as his surname, and equally so with the carpenter, joiner, sawyer, baker or butcher.

Personal traits and complexion, too, gave rise to surnames. From the former we have the names Stout, Strong, Long, Longman, Longfellow; and from the latter, Brown, Black, etc. Some mental and moral traits were also used to denote surnames.

THE WALTZ.—Waltzing was introduced into Germany in 1787, just one hundred and one years ago. At first introduced it was a slow, "rolling" movement, the name arising from the word walzen, to revolve or to roll; and it did not admit sudden changes of movement or variety of figures. In Styria and Tyrol the waltz music shows more freedom and allows swift, graceful turns of the dancer, but the old legitimate German "Walzen," of which the Styrian and Tyrolese valses are first cousins, moves placidly and solemnly and unvaryingly to a dignified conclusion.

Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber give us the best idea of the accurate German waltz, and nothing in a musical way can be more instructive than to compare their waltzes with some of the modern waltzes. They are full of fire and brilliancy, alternating with strains of tender feeling.

There appears to be some slight tendency to revive the old dance forms, such as the minuet, pavan and gavotte; and if these slow and ceremonious measures replace the gayer movements of our "square" dances it is possible that the lively modern valse will also be succeeded by the serious dignified German waltzer, danced to rich music of old composers. However, it is too soon to prophesy.

A PASTORAL.

BY GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

Dame Nature has within the year
Four gowns unto her special wear
In which successive to appear.

First is her comely figure seen
In clinging skirts, that tone between
A saffron moss and apple-green.

But when of this the lady tires,
And finer garniture requires,
To forest bower she retires;

And there like any anxious lass,
A long, mysterious time doth pass
Before her brooklet looking-glass.

And when she reappears, behold!
A queen-like presence, brave and bold,
Bedight in robes of silken gold.

But weary soon of such high state,
Dame Nature now doth contemplate
How next herself to decorate;

And then, her fitfulness to crown,
She chooseth her a motley gown
Of orange-red and various brown.

But, fearsome lest she might betray
Frivolity in garb so gay,
This caste she with disdain away.

And soon in velvet, rich and rare,
And soft and white beyond compare,
She doth such loveliness declare,

That holds the world in mute surprise,
For in this most becoming guise
She seems transfigured, angel-wise.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

Some profess to judge people's characters by their noses; others by their hands and fingers; whilst we have many professors of and believers in phrenology, who have no doubt that a man's character is fully and distinctly portrayed by the bumps on his cranium.

Is it then unreasonable to expect the advent of some philosopher, who will bring into scientific order the many signs and tokens of character that are shown in legs? Then we might know what to expect from a pair of bow legs, or from their opposite, the weakly ones, whose knees lovingly approach each other.

Upon the shape and length of the limb, and the way it is set on, depends the walk: and as all these are inherited, and have been produced by generations of habits and occupations, it is probable enough that with the legs have been inherited the tastes and habits which have gradually given them their form and action.

We are not surprised at a son inheriting the character of his father, yet their faces are often very unlike. Any person, however, who takes the trouble to observe, will find that almost invariably father and son are alike in legs and walking. Watch them from behind, and the resemblance in form and action is often ludicrous, so exact is it.

There can be little doubt that the state of a man's mind has an effect upon his walk. The man in a contented frame of mind, with none but pleasing thoughts, walks calmly and steadily along, glancing pleasantly from side to side as he goes; whilst the one whose mind is moved with angry passions moves wildly along with unsteady gait — perhaps, it stirred with violent thoughts of revenge and hatred, sometimes staggering and pushing rudely against passers-by hardly seen by him.

Notice the man full of sorrowful thoughts, his eyes cast down, his feet hardly lifted from the ground, shuffling along, almost indifferent as to how or when he reaches his destination. See how the man full of conceit swaggers along, as though he thought the eyes of all men were fixed admiringly upon him.

Notice this man, walking with a quiet, stealthy, cat-like tread, knees bending, feet well spread over the ground. He casts furtive glances about him, rarely looking anyone straight in the face. You will not be far wrong in thinking him a sneak, though, if you tell him so, he will some day, long after perhaps—find out some underhand way of punishing you for it.

Another man has what we may call the seven-pound-boot walk. He lifts his feet as though each boot were a heavy dumbbell, and labors along the street as though striding over the furrows of a ploughed field. He is most probably a man of dull intellect and slow apprehension.

Some men of a nervous disposition you may observe hurrying onwards with quick, short steps, showing plenty of action, but not getting over much ground. This walk is generally accompanied by a strange nervous action of the outspread fingers.

There is the dainty walker who looks carefully about him, picks out the cleanest places for crossing the road, and invariably carries a spruce umbrella that has the appearance of never having been opened. One can easily see that with him appearances are everything and can imagine that an unwonted splash of mud would almost move him to tears.

Here comes his opposite, marching rapidly along, straight to his object, careless of mud, indifferent to crowds, crossing roads diagonally, making his way to his destination by the shortest possible route. This is a man bravely self-confident, independent in character, a hard worker, who will get through an extraordinary amount of work, but much of it wanting in neatness and finish.

The belief that the state of the mind influences the walk is expressed in the proverbial saying, "a light heart and a light pair of heels."

Compare the brisk walk of the man of business, as he hurries through the streets of the city, with that of the fashionable lounger. To the one, time is money; every moment is of value; and even if it is not, he must make it appear so for his credit's sake. To the other, time is of no consequence.

It appears to us that jail-birds—men accustomed to exercise in a prison yard under the sharp eyes of a warden—mostly acquire a certain kind of hang dog, shuffling walk. Some of them, in old days, must have possessed a peculiar walk such as Falstaff alludes to when speaking of his recruits:

"Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison."

The elder Disraeli tells us that Charles the Seventh of France, introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs, and that shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet.

In Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," the steward, Malvolio, is induced to walk into the trap prepared for him, by an appeal to his vanity concerning his legs. The letter dropped in his path by the arch waiting-maid, Maria, which caused him to make himself ridiculous before his mistress, contained one sentence that tickled his vanity:

"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see the ever cross-gartered."

To see a man careless about such things has always been considered a sign that he was suffering from great perturbation of mind.

It is doubtful if there are many men who are not satisfied that either for size, or shape, or proportion, they have the very pair that come as near the proper thing as can be expected of poor human nature.

Grains of Gold.

Who purposely cheats his friend would cheat his God.

No conflict is so severe as he who labors to subdue himself.

Christianity compels us to pass by injurious policy, to let them pass by us.

He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction; but he that refuses proof erreth.

No man ever offended his own conscience but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

Mean spirits under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder-storm, always turn sour.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned that he deals on his own soul.

Dishonor waits on perfidy. A man should blush to think a falsehood: it is the crime of cowards.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

There seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.

Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves as well as from others; honest men know and confess them.

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides.

Our standard of conduct in the abstract cannot be too high. None of our ideals are so lofty that they cannot still rise higher.

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power! who dost inhabit us without our leave; and art within ourselves; another self.

Many persons after they once become learned, cease to be good: all other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good-nature.

Femininities.

The best hand in the game of life—The hand of a good and loving wife.

At a late wedding a novelty was the introduction of married men as best man and ushers.

A lizard of gold set with jewels in every one of the rainbow makes an attractive but costly hair ornament.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

Narrow pocketbooks are now the fashion for ladies; but it keeps their husbands just as busy to fill them as ever.

A bright scholar in a New York school recently stated in a composition that doughnuts were first made in Greece.

In pencil cases a pleasing pattern is a shepherd's crook, the stock of which is paved with small pearls and turquoises.

Some people do not seem to care to make the neighborhood in which they live picturesque. If they did they would go away.

A novelty in prayer books has a small outside pocket in which to place the coin that is to be given when the collection takes place.

A sweet pea of enamel in natural colors, with a diamond dewdrop on one of its petals, is a welcome addition to handsome designs in bonnet pins.

The present London fashion of carrying the arms prescribes that the elbows should be thrust out as far as possible, giving a square look to the body.

Lady, to clerk: "I want to look at something that would be a suitable birthday gift for my husband." Clerk: "Yes, ma'am; something cheap, I s'pose?"

A perfumed artificial flower has been patented which has a pervious receptacle to contain a perfuming powder concealed within the petals of the flower.

There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand; one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much.

Chicago young husband: "And you will never take the wedding ring from your finger, darling?" Chicago young wife: "Never, George: death or divorce alone will remove it!"

Just as it is the correct thing for a widow not to wear a veil at her second marriage, so it is considered the proper caper for young ladies who marry widowers to wear a bonnet and high dress.

According to a Troy, N. Y., florist, Perle des Jardin roses are often palmed off for Marechal Niels, and not one bride in five hundred who is described as wearing orange blossoms is so fortunate as to have them.

An Allentown, Pa., tailoring firm, with a keen eye to business, employs a young woman to collect from the swell customers who are inclined to shirk paying honest debts. Just how the scheme works isn't mentioned.

A young lady in Atlanta stepped to a window to look at a young man passing by, and just then a large piece of plastering fell down on the chair she had vacated. Had she kept her seat she would have been killed.

Mrs. Smith: "Isn't that Mrs. Brown going down the street?" Mrs. Jones: "Yes." "Why, I thought her husband died last week?" "So he did." "But she's in second mourning!" "Well, he was her second husband, you know."

Tuibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark, sticky substance. It is said that they do so in compliance with a law made by a certain Lama, King Nomokhan, in order to protect them by making them look ugly when in public.

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man in that case that will satisfy him."

Gertrude Cunningham, of Bangor, had her hand caught in the mangler of a laundry, and hand and wrist were stripped of skin and flesh. The hand has been saved by skin grafting, three young women friends of the girl having allowed 108 pieces of skin to be taken from their persons for her benefit.

Ladies of rank continue to enter the world of commerce. A lady of rank and another lady are now manufacturing scents from old-fashioned receipts preserved in the family archives. Some samples of these perfumes have lately met with high favor at sales, and it is probable that they will soon compete in the perfumery market.

The recent discovery made by a Frenchman has caused great excitement among those ladies who have parures of precious stones. It appears this professor of chemistry has shown the Academy a splendid ruby he has succeeded in making—the color, transparency and weight being the same as in a real ruby. When shall we have artificial diamonds?

First lady, to new-found friend: "You are the most fortunate of women. I did not believe such a perfect angel of a man could exist." Second lady, mystified: "I beg your pardon." First lady: "I refer to your husband's liberality in money matters. He handed you that money with as little hesitation as if he had been a lover, instead of the husband of years." Second lady, quietly: "It's my money."

An English woman once said that "the Americans were great people for shams," and in a measure the remark is true. Our mantel-pieces are bedstead; an easy chair is but a modernized coal scuttle; a fancy table turns out to be a well-equipped wash-stand, while the piano figures as a refrigerator. Not the least of these deceivers are pillow-shams—hitherto a dearly loved ornament of an American woman's bedroom. But they have at last given place to the real article, and now our beds have substantial feather pillows, made larger but in the same shape as those for use. They have a white slip, simply tucked and edged with embroidery or lace.

Masculinities.

The man that makes a character makes less.

Latest thing for breakfast—The young man of the family.

Even dress is apt to inflame a man's opinion of himself.

A coat should now be left unbuttoned so as to show the vest.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.

Most men are afraid of a bad name, but few fear their consciences.

We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do ourselves.

There is no place where style counts so little as in the lining of a pocketbook.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

Every man is bound to tolera e the act of which he himself has set the example.

Falling in love is like falling into a river; it is much easier getting in than out.

It is a singular fact that all the men employed in a barber's shop are head workmen.

The self-conceit of the young is the great source of those dangers to which they are exposed.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance.

One who has been a failure his life through thinks that nothing succeeds like another man's success.

The easiest man of all to catch is the man who professes to have a supreme contempt for women on general principles.

A man who thinks well of himself says he could get off better things than he sees in any paper if he only had a mind to.

It makes a great difference to a young man who is courting a girl whether she takes a great interest in his welfare or in his farewell.

A French lady recently won a wager by pronouncing 238,211 words in three hours. She's a spinster at present. Does any eligible bachelor feel inclined to propose?

"I am glad I learned to sew on buttons when I was a bachelor," observed Fannie. "Why?" asked his friend. "I find the accomplishment so useful now I am married."

Suspenders are to be found to match the color of every fancy shirt sold. A swell wardrobe cannot be without six to a dozen pairs of these useful articles in various degrees of elegance.

"Robert, dear, how do you suppose these dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into our cellar?" "Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life!"

A Chicago paper says that his sweetheart's skull serves as a paper weight for a doctor in that city. It was her dying request that he, then a student, be given the skull as a remembrance of her.

"I saw you at the theatre last night, Jack." "No, did you? What did you think of the little party with me, Gus?" "Too much hat and feathers, and not enough girl," said Gus, critically.

It is idle to say that any man can get ahead in life. He can if he has the will in him, otherwise he can't. There are tunes a-plenty in the piano, but one has to know how before he can play them out.

In Scotland recently a man was fined half a guinea for going to church on Sunday and, while one of the worshipers was bending at prayer, demanding from him two days' wages alleged to be due his son.

The "dinner coat" is the latest fancy in London. It is the Directoire coat, which is something in shape like a man's evening coat, cut off short in front and having long tails reaching to the bottom of the skirt behind.

A widow named Hallets, living in Maryland, is a smart woman. She set a bear-trap at her smoke-house door, and the first catch was the man who was courting her. He had packed up a quantity of bacon to carry off with him.

The cheerful news comes from Montana that a woman of that State, having secured a divorce from her husband and married her lawyer, her discarded spouse attended the wedding reception and was, so it is said, "one of the liliest dancers there."

When a settler in the Northwest Territory wants to go back to Ontario to be married, the Canadian Pacific railroad sells him a matrimonial ticket at the usual rate; and, on presenting the return coupon and a marriage certificate, he is entitled to free transport for his bride.

"Joe" Boatright, an able-bodied colored man, having been found guilty of vagrancy at Marshall, Mo., recently, was "sold into slavery for six months," in accordance with an old law. Bidding started at $5, and slowly advanced to $6.50, at which price the unfortunate was bought.

An otherwise worthy citizen in whom all conscious sense of locality has been drowned, seats himself on a doorstep—his own—at 2 A. M. Window opens and his wife's voice inquires: "Is that you, Tom?" "Yes'm; that's me. How do?" "Hadn't you better come in?" "Excuse me, ma'am. (Long pause). Excuse me, ma'am: I'm a married man."

An applicant for a marriage license in Savannah could not remember the name of the girl he was going to marry, and had to tramp back six miles into the country to find out. He had called her "Hallie," but couldn't tell any more. He returned after his 12-mile tramp and said it was Mary Jane Daniels, and married her the next day. The bride herself joined in the laugh at the groom's expense, not seeming to think his ignorance particularly reprehensible.

Recent Book Issues.

"Daphne," by Rita, is one of the latest of Lippincott's Select Novels. It is a story of love and art, told by two violins. Price 25 cents.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published a cheap edition of the famous novel "Nana," by the great French author Emily Zola, to sell at twenty-five cents a copy, retail. They also publish a new and complete edition of all the works by Emile Zola in twenty-one volumes.

"May and June" is a novel by Edward R. Roe, in which the Indian figures largely and dramatically. It is located in the time before and around the Revolution, and together with the great West, uses Philadelphia as one of its chief stages. There is a thread of historical facts and characters running through it, and perhaps in this respect it may be considered an improvement on the average of its class. It contains several fair illustrations and is well printed. Land & Lee, publishers, Chicago, Ill.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June number of *The Century* opens with the second of Mr. Kennan's illustrated articles, this one being on "Plains and Prisons of Western Siberia." The Lincoln History in this number contains chapters on "The Advance," "Bull Run," "Fremont," and "Military Emancipation." The last of the present series of illustrated Western articles by Mr. Roosevelt is entitled "The Ranchman's Rifle on Crag and Prairie." Another illustrated article is written by Theodore DeVinne, printer of *The Century*, and is entitled "A Printer's Paradise: Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp," illustrated by Pennell. Mr. Burrough's appreciative article on "Matthew Arnold's Criticism" was evidently written before Mr. Arnold's death. Professor Atwater's food article this month discusses the question "What We Should Eat." The fiction includes some interesting chapters of Dr Eggleston's novel "The Graysons;" the concluding portion of Henry James's "The Liar," and two short stories. There is another article by Mr. Cheney on bird songs; also a group of poems entitled "Kansas Bird-Songs," by Miss Amanda T. Jones. There are poems by our leading poets, and the various departments are filled with material most excellent. The Century Co., New York.

St. Nicholas for June is a very delightful number, and from first to last the young people will be turning from one bright attraction to another. The leading article, by Prof. Alfred Church, is of remarkable interest. It is entitled "A Great Show," and describes the Circus Maximus at Rome. It is finely illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Thomas Nelson Page continues the excellent serial, "Two Little Confederates," and Celia Thaxter contributes a charming children's story, "Cat's-Cradle." "Caterina and her Fate," by E. Cavazza, is an old Sicilian legend put into verse, and richly illustrated by R. B. Birch. Louise Chandler Moulton writes a full but simple memorial of "Louise May Alcott," which is illustrated with the best picture of Miss Alcott that we have ever seen. Many of the young people's favorite writers are represented in this beautiful number by stories, sketches on various subjects, and poetry. The Century Co., New York.

The June issue of *The American Magazine* is an exceptionally brilliant number. The illustrations and letter-press are excellent, and the contents varied and entertaining. Among the notable features is an interesting and finely illustrated paper on "Our Defenses from an Army Standpoint," by Gen. O. O. Howard; Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan contributes a graceful article on "The Art of Entertaining," a subject she is well qualified by experience to handle; and George Edgar Montgomery has a charming paper on "Dickens on the American Stage." This article is illustrated by portraits of leading actors. The month furnishes Zitella Cocke with the text for a pretty poem, "June." "Barbados: The Elbow Island," is described in an illustrated paper by Dr. William F. Hutchinson. The concluding portion of "My Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite" is quite as interesting as the May installment; it shows in a graphic manner the utter helplessness of our large cities against mobs and the needed remedies. Published at New York.

Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina has an article in the June *Forum* that will command very general attention. He reviews the reconstruction government of his State. Under the head of "Revolutionizing the Revenue System," Hon. Wm. D. Kelley in a powerful manner reviews our tariff legislation for the last hundred years. Senator J. F. Wilson, of West Virginia, has a strong argument in favor of "Government Regulation of Railways." Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, under the head of "The Next American University," sketches a plan for a national university at Washington. It is an original and suggestive idea. Prof. F. A. March, of Lafayette College, interestingly reviews the chance for English to become "A Universal Language." There are five articles on questions of social science that are now uppermost, by Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, W. H. Mallock, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Prof. J. K. Gilbert. On the whole this number of the *Forum* is one of the best yet issued, which is saying a very great deal. Published at 253 Fifth avenue, New York.

To THE young face Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.

WHAT IS MIND-READING?

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE or as it it is more commonly, but less correctly called, mind-reading, is a subject which has recently provoked a considerable amount of discussion and controversy.

Thought-transference is really the power by which a thought or act of will emanating from one person's brain may be produced or exerts an influence upon the brain of another, otherwise than through the recognized sensory channels.

It has for some time been imagined that since all the more striking experiments of mind-reading were performed with the subject and operator in direct contact, either personal or through a medium of copper wire or some other communication, therefore the result was gained through an unconcious muscular agitation on the part of the operator, who in his intense desire that the exact locality of a certain missing object might become not known to his subject, actually revealed it, although perhaps unconsciously by the action of his muscles.

In fact many have gone so far as to state that the wonderful experiments of the pin-finding feat, and reading the number of a note, were actually owing to the fact that the direction of space in which the object lies is unintentially indicated by the operator's muscular pressure.

But that this is not the true solution of the difficulty, any one who has entered upon the threshold of the subject can easily demonstrate. A course of similar experiments, attempted with a qualified subject, will soon convince the most sceptical that to look to unconscious muscular agitation as the sole secret of this transmission of energy is a totally erroneous idea, and does not at all meet the exigencies of the case.

I adduce the results of one evening's experiments carried out with my brother, who is of rather an excitable temperament.

The subject was blindfolded, and after the application of my hand to his forehead, reeled to and fro, drew one or two deep inspirations, and then went off into a kind of mesmeric sleep. Throughout the whole series of experiments there was an entire absence of muscular effort, and no nervous excitement as is the case with many percipients.

Articles hidden in the most unaccountable and unlikely places were discovered and returned as required.

From a number of coins and books the chosen one was immediatly poluted out

Several tunes being hummed over, the tune in question was at once selected.

A pipe and pouch of tobacco were hidden in different places; the pipe was filled from the pouch, and placed in the mouth of one of the company. During this experiment another pipe was substituted, which, after some hesitation, was filled, but immediately discovering the mistake, my subjected hastily emptied the pipe and threw it to one side.

A name written on a piece of paper was correctly read out.

Arithmetical and geometrical figures were reproduced on a blackboard. The last-named experiment was carried out by another percipient in his normal condition.

There was one circumstance connected with these experiments which exercised a great influence on the minds of the company present. After any article had been touched and returned to its original position, my brother although blindfolded, and some distance from the object, was immediately conscious if any one even touch the article and would instantly rush back and sieze it, using great force if it were not at once returned to him.

A very plausible theory of all this is that a subtle virtue or magnetic flow emanates from our bodies in undulating waves, as is the case with light, heat, and sound, and these waves being set in motion by the movement of the molecules of the brain, which occurs in thought, awaken similar vibrations in the brain of another, provided that he be in sympathy with the generator of the wave-motion, as is the case with a piano or other stringed instrument, wherein all notes of the same vibration will sound in response to another instrument, but all of a different rate of vibration remain silent.

The fact that this mode of communication of thought does not take place in all subjects in the identical manner is no argument against its adoption, for it is a well-known truth, but still for all that one which cannot be explained, that all persons do not possess the power of mesmerising, or of being mesmerised by others; neither are all persons somnambulists.

A young lady friend of mine had been to a pantomime; an evening or two later she and another lady upon whom I had been making several experiments were with me, and it occured to me to try if the second of my subjects could be made to see the pantomime through the memory of the other.

I put them both into trance, and then occurred what no one who witnessed it is likely to forget. My subject fairly shouted with laughter, followed and described the action, and often repeated the words of the pantomime which she had not seen herself. Suddenly she exclaimed "The lights are going out." I had that instant by my own will, and without saying a word, broken connection between my subjects.

In conclusion let me observe that although this power has only recently attracted public attention, there is very little reason to doubt that we can look to it to explain away a great amount of the witchcraft, demonology, and superstition of the Middle Ages.

Indeed, even at the present day such experiments cannot be carried out without a strange feeling of awe and astonishment at the subtle connection of mind and matter.

PECULIARITIES OF TIGERS.—One very curious point is the method in which the tigress teaches her cubs to kill. This she does by disabling the animal attacked so that it can not make its escape from the cubs, who then complete the work. A late hunter witnessed a scene of this kind, or at least came on the spot just after it had been enacted, and when the marks were so fresh as to admit of the whole story being read at a glance. An old bull nilgai had been the victim, and the tigress had disabled him by breaking one of his right fore-legs just below the knee. She never touched his throat, the usual place of siezing, but allowed the cubs to mangle the disabled brute. He frightened the three tigers from the carcass and secured a photograph of it in its then condition, showing how the throat had not been lacerated. He got a second photograph the next day, after the tigress and her brood had again visited the spot and completed their meal. In the end he succeeded in shooting the tigress and one of her cubs.

This same gentleman has a number of other photographs, which show the appearance of a tiger's prey after its first meal. His experience goes to show the animal first devours the hind-quarters, while if tiger and tigress were together, the one eats at the hind-quarters and the other at the fore-quarters.

Again, when a tiger has not devoured the whole carcass and returns to his kill the next night he never eats at the same place, but drags off the remains of the carcass forty or fifty yards before beginning operations. Therefore, sportsmen sitting over a kill tie it by the foreleg to a tree. Otherwise the tiger would creep up and be off with it without stopping a second.

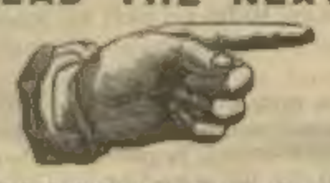
He has timed tigers when at their meals and has found that a full-grown tiger takes two hours steady eating to finish the fore-quarters of a bullock. He dissipates the myth about the "sledge hammer stroke of the forepaw of the tiger" showing that the tiger simply clutches with his claws exactly as a man might clutch another's arm with his fingers. He also gives a variety of curious information about the immense distances tigers wander during the night; how they keep the footpaths, avoiding the more difficult tangled undergrowth; how they are partial to a dust bath on the roads, rolling about in it with evident satisfaction; how they do not like moving about in the heat of the day as the hot ground burns the pads of their feet and makes them quite raw; and how they are sometimes discovered sitting in pools of water in the heat of the day.

ORDER.—The habit of order is much more far-reaching than is generally supposed. It governs all arrangements, those of time as well as of place; it influences thought as well as action, character as well as conduct. It is the constant preventer of waste in every direction. No disorderly person can ever be truly economical. He may work hard and spend little, but economy demands the best results that can be obtained from any given source, and these can come only through orderly and systematic arrangements.

The man who has acquired orderly habits will so manage his time that it shall be fruitful. He will neither idly procrastinate nor hurriedly scramble through his work. He will neither put off to-day's duty until to-morrow nor force to-morrow's into to-day. He will provide for leisure as well as for action, for recreation as well as for labor. He will respect the time of others as well as his own, neither breaking engagements nor forcing people to spend time with him against their will.

SOCIAL LIFE.—The opinion men hold of society is largely reflective of their own characters, and their influence goes far toward making society actually conform to those opinions. The selfish and grasping man is always imagining those with whom he deals to be selfish. He excuses his own meanness on the ground that he must guard against the meanness of others; and his excuse has just this foundation—that his own character naturally diffuses itself among those with whom he deals. Every disposition exerts a magnetic attraction for its like, and the unjust man will meet with injustice, the rude with rudeness, the cold with coldness, and the proud and jealous with pride and jealousy. On the other hand, the just and true, the generous and kind, the gentle and loving, draw to themselves the same qualities in others; and thus to them also is social life what they make it. M.S.

READ THE NEXT ☞



COLUMN ARTICLE. ☜

MEN think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunefully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.

AN old philosopher says that he has often seen a man pleased at being thought to be in advance of his age; but he never heard of a woman who was pleased at being supposed to be in advance of her age.

THE KEEPING OF SECRETS.—A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close, for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

A French philosopher says: A man is more faithful to the secrets of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another.

The explanation given for woman's proneness to let the cat out of the bag is that she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it bethrayin' you call it? Sure, whin I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

Secrets are poor property, anyhow. If you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the interest on the investment.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came down town this morning; going to send it up to the house."

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"Of course she will. I've arranged all that."

"How?"

"I have addressed it to myself, and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."

BRIDESMAIDS.—One of the notable features of fashion this year will be the gradual disappearance of bridesmaids from weddings. Nothing can be prettier in theory always and occasionally in reality, than a group of white-clad maidens attending their friend to the altar and illuminating the scene with their decorative presence. But, under existing arrangements, bridesmaids are a very expensive luxury. The bridegroom has not only to give them each a daintily-costly present, but he is expected to furnish them with bouquets as well.

There has, of late, been a tendency towards very tiny bridesmaids, whose tender age would naturally reduce the expense of the presents in proportion to their years. But even these are disappearing in favor of so-called pages, who know so little of a page's duties that they alternately tread on the bride's train and trot after it, but who do not expect either jewelry or bouquets. The fact is that bridesmaids have, so to speak, raised their terms to such an exalted height, that human nature, in the shape of exasperated bridegrooms, has begun to ask if they cannot be dispensed with.

UNITY.—There is too much fear of appearing inconsistent; and sincerity is often sacrificed to this fear. A man, remembering that he had once given utterance to certain opinions or desires which were truly his at that time, is afraid to be equally frank now, lest some discrepancy should appear. Yet, if no changes took place within him, if no new thoughts inspired him, no different feelings swayed him, he would have no living, growing vitality; he would be less than a man. Truth is many-sided, and no one can hope to see the whole who does not gladly welcome every new side as it opens to his view. Unity is not monotony; it is the harmonious relation of parts to the whole; and these parts can never be inconsistent with each other, can never clash or conflict, though men in their ignorance may imagine that they do. M.S.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.—The young man had asked him for the hand of his daughter and a pang wrung the fatherly heart of Mr. Kajones as he looked at the youth for some moments in silence and thought of the bitterness of parting with his well-beloved child.

"I suppose, Oliver," he said at last, "it is only natural and right that when the young birds become old enough to fly they should leave their parental nest and go off with their chosen mates to build nests of their own, and yet it hurts, Oliver; it hurts, when I think of one of my fledglings getting ready to fly away."

"This seems to be a good-sized nest," suggested the young man anxious to soften the blow; "perhaps you'd rather have me and Alvira stop right here."

PEOPLE GENERALLY BELIEVE that if the Blood is pure, the health will be good. The purity of the blood is guaranteed only when the kidneys are naturally active. The fluids may flow freely, and yet the kidneys fail to keep the blood clean. This will be indicated if you have *MALARIA, STOMACH TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, SKIN DISEASES, IMPOTENCY, HEADACHES, LAME BACK, NEURALGIA, CARBUNCLES AND BOILS, ABSCESSES, WEAK EYES, NERVOUSNESS, POOR APPETITE*, and in women *FEMALE TROUBLES*. These disorders show that your blood is full of uric, kidney, acid poison, *AND YOU CAN NEVER GET WELL* until you clean out the blood with the only recognized scientific blood tonic,

"Warner's Safe Cure."

Humorous.

THE TWINS.

There once were twins, two toddling things,
  Who looked like one another;
And just to tell which one was which
  Was sometimes quite a bother;
For when you felt most sure of one,
  He always was the other.

Whether Ted was Tod or Tod was Ted
  Sometimes caused apprehension,
And led to blunders and mistakes
  Too numerous to mention.
Yet none were sharp enough to find
  A positive prevention.

If Ted, while playing in the barn,
  Met with a slight disaster,
They would be sure, in their alarm,
  To clap on Tod the plaster;
They'd give Ted oil when Tod was sick,
  And Tod got well no faster.

One of them died—they ne'er knew which—
  And then came consternation!
How could they put upon the stone
  A bold prevarication?
They simply carved on it "T—D,"
  And closed the alteration.

—U. N. Nons.

Dead beat—The muffled drum's.

Always at the foot of the class—The dancing-master.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal?—Because he will lie down when you axe him.

A down-east editor says: "The aim of capital punishment should be to reform the criminal."

The man who tried to get up a concert with the band of a hat is the same genius who, a few days since, played upon the affections of a young lady.

"Well, Johnny, how's the new school? Are you head of your class?" "No, papa, not exactly." "Why, how's that?" "I couldn't be, because the other boys are."

Mistress, arranging for dinner: "Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's, Bridget?" Bridget: "Yis, mum, but I sint it back. Every wan av thim stims was empty."

She: "Sir, what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He: "Do you object?" She: "Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."

She: "I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Drawler?" He: "Ya'as, in a railway accident. I was saved, but the po'ar dawg was killed." She, shocked: "What a pity!"

"What's the matter, Dumley, you look disconsolated and unhappy?" "I am; I just found a three-cent piece, and when I saw it on the sidewalk I'm blamed if I didn't think it was a dime."

"He's no better, doctor. You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on a dime. I hadn't a dime, but I gave him as much as would lay on ten pennies, and it done him no good at all, at all."

"Mister," he pleaded, "I have lost a leg, and—" "Yes, so I see. It's mighty provoking to lose anything. I lost a dog once that I had often tried to give away, but I was mad about it, just the same."

A petrified sandwich was dug up the other day. They put it with the collection at the neighboring railway station, and the purchaser said it was the tenderest sandwich that he had ever bought at that place.

Frank, a Sunday-school boy of 6 years, in reply to his mother's expression of surprise when she found him pounding a mud turtle with a stone, said: "Why, I was trying to crack the shell so the poor little turtle could get out."

Mrs. Lenox Hill, Jr.: "Er—doesn't it seem to you, Henry, as if there was something I had forgotten in making this pound cake?" Mr. Lenox Hill, Jr., critically. "Well, yes; if it only had a handle, you know, it would be easier to pound with."

Smith: "I was sorry to hear, Brown, that you had failed in business." Brown: "Yes, I struggled hard, but I lost everything save my honor, thank God, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found I was getting into trouble."

Guest (to hotel manager): "I've met that gentleman who went out before somewhere. His face is very familiar, but to save my life I can't recall his name." H. M.: "His name is Smith; he is one of the officials at the county jail. Your bill is one dollar sixty, sir."

Chicago girl: "You have been engaged three years? How primitive! Why, in Chicago long engagements are very unfashionable. Three years! Time thrown away!" Omaha girl: "Oh a year or so, more or less, doesn't matter here. When we get married we stay married."

"I find, madam," said a young physician, "that your husband is suffering from overwork." "And will he have to give up his place under the Government?" she asked, anxiously. "What's that? Is he a Government official?" "Yes, sir." "H'm! I'll diagnose his case again. He probably needs exercise."

"I have to thank you for a pleasant evening, Miss Bilderback," said young Peckinbaugh, as he arose to go very late. "I have scarcely felt as if I were an acquaintance until this evening, but now it almost seems as if I had known you for years." "I was about to make the same remark," murmured the young lady, with her eyes on the clock, "it does, indeed, seem a long time."

"My poor man," said the sympathetic visitor to the convicted burglar, "I pity rather than blame you. If you had had the advantages other men have had your career might have been so different! You were reared amid scenes of vice and have passed your life in moral darkness—is it not so?" "I can't deny it, mum," replied the burglar, "I've allus been obliged to do most of my work in the dark."

BLIND JACK.

PROBABLY the most extraordinary instance on record of a man rendering himself, as it were, wholly independent of eyesight, and actually excelling in such pursuits as depend most upon the visual organs, is that of John Metcalf, whose life, under the name of "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," has been recorded in two curious old tracts.

As his sobriquet implies, John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1717.

His parents were working-people; and when the boy was about six, he was attacked by smallpox, then a scourge as deadly as the plague.

He recovered, but with the total loss of sight; but, strange to say, there was nothing in the appearance of the eyes themselves to indicate that they had lost their power; and throughout his life, no one ever suspected from his look or manner, unless previously informed that such was the case.

By the time he was ten years old, he seems to have experienced little inconvenience from his loss; he could find his way about any part of Knaresborough and join in all the sports and mischief of boys of his own age.

Having a taste for music, he was taught the violin. And there was not a bolder rider in the county of York than Blind Jack. No kind of sport came amiss to him. He learned to swim, and soon became so expert that he was employed to dive for the bodies of the drowned.

He gained his living principally, however, by playing his violin at weddings and village merry-makings.

He was a constant attendant at the York race-meetings, mixed with the Squires as an equal, betted, and was so fortunate, that he was able to buy a racer of his own and run him for small plates.

He once rode a match himself for a heavy wager under most difficult conditions. A one-mile circle was marked out by posts, and this was to be ridden thrice round.

Large sums were laid that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course; but at each post he stationed a man with a bell, and as this was struck on his approach, he knew exactly when to turn, and so came in the winner, beating his competitor, who had eyesight in his favor.

At tenpins, which would seem to depend so much upon accuracy of sight, Metcalf was a great proficient. Yet more marvellous was his skill at card-playing, at which he became such an adept that few could beat him.

He played with cards on which the figures were raised; and his fellow-players named their cards as they laid them down. Boxing is another art that would seem to be unattainable by a blind man, and here again Metcalf upsets all preconceived ideas, for he was one of the best of his time.

Jack was a fine-made man, stood six feet two in his stockings, and was robust in proportion. Although disfigured by the smallpox, he was a great favorite with his companions of the opposite sex.

He had fixed his affections upon a Miss Benson, the daughter of a Harrogate innkeeper whom he stole from her father's house and married after an elopement. It may be added, that she never repented her hasty act; for John made the most devoted of husbands, never forgetting the excellent home from which he had taken her, and always doing his best to surround her with such comforts as she had been accustomed to enjoy.

After his marriage, he set up a four-wheeled chaise and a one-horse chair for the accommodation of visitors, these vehicles being the first public carriages ever started in his native town.

About the same time, he entered into the fish-trade, making journeys with packhorses to the coast, and thence conveying his goods to the big cities; and so indefatigable was he, that he would frequently walk two days and a night with little or no rest.

During the rebellion of 1745, he enlisted and was a good soldier. During his brief military career, Metcalf met with many adventures.

He was in the surprise at Falkirk, and captured by Prince Charlie's men as a spy. His blindness, however, obtained his acquittal, after which, though with much difficulty, he succeed in rejoining the king's forces in time to be present at several engagements.

Afterwards, he started as a horse-dealer, and was considered one of the finest judges of the equine race in Yorkshire; for so marvellously acute was his sense of touch, that he could almost unerringly judge an animal by simply running his hand over it.

Among his other ventures, he started in 1751 the first stage wagon that run between York and Knaresborough, driving it himself, and performing the journey twice a week in summer and once in winter.

But not even these multifarious callings were sufficient to exhaust his energies. During his leisure hours he studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself; and given the length and girth of a piece of timber, could with surprising rapidity reduce its contents to feet and inches. These studies suggested to him the idea of road-making.

His first essay was a piece of three miles in length. He was perfectly successful; and hearing that a new bridge was to be constructed, he applied for the contract.

"What do you know about bridge-making?" was the half-contemptuous question his application was greeted with. With the most perfect lucidity, and on purely scientific principles, he explained his plans, and obtained the work.

ON HIS TRAVELS.—It is told of Nasmyth, the famous engineer, that, when he was travelling in Sweden, where he knew not one word of the language and where his English was as little understood, he used to order his dinner at the inn by drawing in his sketch-book whatever he wanted. For example, he would draw a table covered with a cloth, and a cooked fowl, smoking hot, upon it, with vegetables, bread, cheese, salt, and anything else a pressing appetite might suggest as desirable. When the order was completed, the traveller indicated the hour when he wished the dinner served by drawing a clock with the hands pointing to the hour, and the whole thing was plain at a glance. In like manner he used to order a horse and carriage as he had occasion, and he was always understood.

HIS FIRST CLIENT.—Scene—dinner-party at a rich merchant's house. Prosperous lawyer recounting his career: "When I took my first brief, I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg, any way you took him. But then I was beginning my practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted; so I took the case and got the rascal off."

After dinner enter an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him.

Great person, patronizingly: "I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago. In fact I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client."

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Striped Surahs, four colors, three sizes of stripes, 50c, worth 75
23 inch Black Surah, 75c; should be quick at $1

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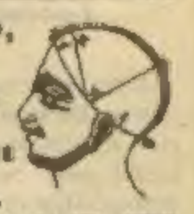

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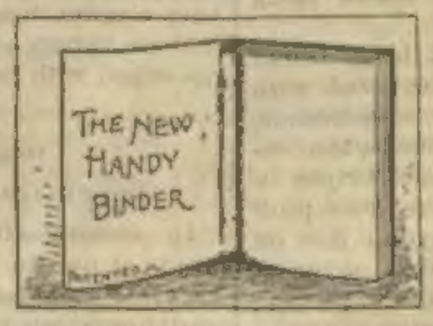

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A novelty in this season's woollen materials is the double-width specimens with a rich handsome border woven with the material and occupying one selvedge the whole edge of the piece.

The bordered fabrics are made double-width, because the width has to be used lengthwise for draped tunics and skirts, so that 44 or 48 inches is none too wide The Farandole is a delicate diagonal woolen, with alternate rays of red and white, producing a delicate pink.

The border, some ten inches wide, is slate grey, the color being almost concealed by narrow stripes of red, leaving two grey stripes at each edge of the border about one inch wide, they being picked out with white and resembling four bands of inch grey ribbon with white picot edge.

Plain diagonal woolen to match for the bodice, sleeves, etc., is also double-width.

Next in order of novelty come the pekin woolens with silk stripes imitating bands of ribbon. They are truly exquisite. They are single-width, and have plain double-width woolens to match.

The Grandveneur is a diagonal woolen with pink and white lines producing a very delicate color; the pekin to maton has two inch stripes of silk in two colors arranged in pairs, one slate, the other a rich pink, made to imitate fancy ribbon with satin edge picked out with white.

What could be prettier? for these Parisian diagonal woollens of high quality are soft and delicate to a fault, and silently excuse the extreme delicacy and beauty of the coloring, which are too good for day wear the uninitiated think.

A pale blue and white diagonal of similar texture, called *par excellence* the Modain, has similar stripes imitating 1¼ inch ribbons, in pale buff and delicate blue placed at equal distances.

The Sarcous is a greenish-brown voile, double-width, the pekin to match single-width, having green-brown silk stripes embroidered with colors and resembling Pompadour ribbon with red border and silver-grey picot edge. The coloring is most artistic.

The Pavane is a dark grey voile, with a strong blue tinge. The wide silk stripes are a grey blue, embroidered with large white silk spots.

Sylvia is a simple triumph of coloring. Imagine a deep ecru or ivory voile, the pekin of which has wide 3-inch stripes of deep silver-grey French faille, the centre of which is occupied with large raised silver satin bars arranged in groups of nine.

Plantagenet is an antique red voile, with beautiful stripes arranged in groups—a 1¼-inch stripe with four very narrow stripes on each side occupying nearly the same space as the wide one; the group occupying four inches in all. These stripes are silk alternate corded lines on rich blue and very pale blue, the corded lines varying also in width, and producing a very original effect.

Rhodein is a diagonal woolen, black and white threads producing a grey effect. The pekin has 3 inch woolen stripes in black separated by double white lines, a capital material for half-mourning.

Troyon is a second edition of the same, the stripes here being four inches wide, and consisting of fine ⅛-inch black stripes outlined with white, and standing a trifle apart from each other.

Diagonals are also all in one color, and white as above described. In all the plain is double width, the pekin to match being 27 inches wide.

The Floretin is a beautiful beige tinted diagonal, the pekin being covered with raised stripes a little apart from each other, a 3 inch silk stripe of a paler beige, the centre occupied with raised satin stripes in cream, antique red, pale blue, pale pink and dark blue twice over; beyond this on each side is a second raised tiny stripe of the darker blue outlined with beige silk, and a ¾-inch beige stripe outlined with a narrow cream satin border.

Giraida is an antique pink diagonal, the pekin having 3-inch stripes made up of fine stripes of paler pink, outlined with a broader stripe. The color and design are both beautiful.

Ratapian is a diagonal of a wonderful sheeny dark green; the stripes on the pekin are exceedingly rich, some four inches wide, and consisting of seven fancy green and pink raised stripes separated by alternate lines of pink and green; this has the effect of rich embroidery.

A blue diagonal (the Toleda) has the pekin with ornamental red stripes outlined with half-inch stripes of pale moss-green, the red being striped up each side with three white lines; across the whole stripe every alternate diagonal line is blue, thus quenching, or rather softening the coloring. The Provencal is a very pale beige, with wide stripes of darker beige closely striped with red.

Le Houx is a red diagonal woollen, the pekin of which has very wide silk stripes in a paler red covered with a splendid broche design in white, representing a garland of leaves.

Tam-Tam is a chequered diagonal for traveling, driving on a drag, etc., white and blue narrow stripes, with narrow cross stripes at wider distances in red. The pekin has 1¼-inch stripes of red and white diagonal, across which cut the red stripes chequers.

Before we leave these exquisite diagonals we must mention the Traveline for elaborate mantles or sorties-de-bal. The ground is a delicate, decided grey-blue. The pattern, a most beautiful Oriental design waving over the whole, is composed of alternate red and white lines following every curve of the pattern. The pattern really is red, the white lines being apparently embroidered upon it.

There are some beautiful broche voiles. Nabob is a cream voile with the Indian palm pattern in red, light blue and pale moss-green exquisitely combined, the palms being joined by an Oriental spreading design outlined in red, enclosing the cream ground dotted with blue, the red being picked out and finished with eccentric loops of pale moss-green.

To finish, we quote the Ophelie, a beige voile with broche to match. Both plain and broche are double width.

The broche has sprays of shaded flowers worked in sheeny blue-grey silk, showing up most effectively on the beige.

The silks are by no means behind the woollens in point of beauty, but we have no space to deal with them here, and must reserve them for a subsequent occasion.

They are very handsome, and are specially in pekin and broche varieties. The broches are artistic in design and coloring in one dress. It is a delicate blue-grey faille, the broche to match having flowers in various delicately chosen tints apparently embroidered upon grey ground. The skirt is of broche, open front, with broche revers over a pleated petticoat of the plain grey faille.

A small drapery of plain faille forms detached paniers on each side and terminates in a long loose end, tipped with a rich passementerie pendant. The train is rather unusual for it consists of two breadths of broche on each side, it is mounted with pleats into the corsage, and is lined with grey silk.

The corsage is of broche, the neck cut low in front. There are broche revers open over a pleated panel like the skirt.

The fluted Medici collar is of broche, lined with plain silk. The sleeves are long, reaching the wrist.

A walking costume is of beige diagonal woolen and pekin to match, with stripes of simulated beige velvet ribbon. The skirt is of woolen, edged with a wide band of pekin. The black drapery is plain, but the tablier has a handsome revers on the right side of the pekin.

The corsage is pointed in front, but at the back it terminates in two draped loops which forms part of the back drapery. In front is a plastron of the pekin, cut so that the stripes form diagonal lines meeting in the centre. The collar and paraments are of the pekin, cut so that the stripes are diagonal, not vertical.

The sunshades this season promises to be very elegant, but they are mostly of the en-tout-cas variety—that is, untrimmed, and not edged with lace.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN NEEDLE WORK.

In seeking after and describing new kinds of needle work, it is necessary to take into consideration, not only the great varieties which are to found, but also the diverse tastes and distinct characteristics of those among the readers of THE POST who are anxious to find something wherewith to while away their leisure time.

There are some who, one might almost say, "hunger" after fancy work; they are quick with the needle, fond of employment, and they attack a long piece of work which to others would appear almost as endless as "Penelope's web," and lo! before one imagines they have had time to commence, it is "something accomplished, something done," and they are ready to begin another equally long task.

Then there are also the idle hands, whose owner thinks it is "the thing" to have something which looks like work; they generally select an artistic looking arrangement in plush and silk which travels with them and appears in an elegant work-basket at the different houses they visit.

It goes on sometimes for a season or two, until finally it is too dirty to be ornamental, even if it were finished, which however, it very seldom is.

Others there are, really busy people, whose days are fully occupied with something more serious than fancy work, but who, during their few hours of recreation in the evenings, are glad to employ their fingers in what does not require much thought or attention, but which will, when completed, be either useful or ornamental.

Then, again, one must think of those whose sight is not quite so good as it was in their younger days, but who nevertheless do not wish to be idle.

With these, knitting and crochet are always popular, and for their benefit I hope occasionally to give some good patterns of these two useful kinds of work.

There are many other kind of workers but instead of pointing out their peculiarities I must turn my attention to my subject, and describe some new ideas for needle work.

In fancy work, as in fashions, when one hears of a novelty, it often turns out to be simply some old style revived, with additions and improvements.

For instance many of my readers will no doubt remember the lace work which was so universal some years ago.

A very pretty revival of it has taken place but instead of the pattern being traced in linen braid, as it was in those days; gold or silver, or black silk braid is now used, the stitches and "bars" which connect and hold the braid being worked in either black silk or gold or silver thread.

This like the old-fashioned white lace, can be used either for ornamental fancy work or for evening dresses. A black net trimmed with gold, a pale blue tulle with the silver lace, or again a black silk with the black lace lined with white look charming. Many people no doubt have still some of the old lace patterns; perhaps some will feel inclined to bring them out again, and try this new manner of using them.

Cushion-covers and brackets of this kind of lace would look well if lined with some rich deep-colored material; but for articles of this sort I think it would be a great improvement to introduce a little color in the work itself.

This could easily be done by making the different stitches, of which there are such endless varieties, in silk, the effect would be very Oriental and pretty.

Silver braid with the stitches and "bars" worked in pale blue and pink, or gold braid with sage-green and coral-colored silk, would look extremely well. Short lengths of this work might be used for curtain bands, and would be very handsome, if done in gold braid and deep-colored silks, to hold back Oriental curtains or portieres.

A piece for the centre of a dinner-table would also be pretty in this new lace work. It would show up well upon a white cloth, and the effect by candle-light would, I am sure, be pleasing.

Another new kind of work is to cover bottles with silk in a style similar to that in which foreign flasks are done—everyone must know what kind I mean—decorated with open network of string and tassels. Any bottle can be used which has a straight neck and round body.

Many Italian wines come over in prettily shaped bottles, or even oil-flasks would answer the purpose very well. The silk used is the coarse kind, known as "purse silk," and sometimes two colors are introduced. Small bottles covered in this way, tastefully finished off with little tassels, and filled with scent, would be attractive, and sell well at fairs, as they make pretty additions to a toilet table.

(Concluded next week.)

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is a common complaint, and especially of women whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is not the books we finish at a sitting that always do us most good. Those we run through in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read.

Under the laws of Iowa, a passenger in a railroad train who puts his head out of a window and has it smashed off by a switch bar, is guilty of misdemeanor, and can be imprisoned for three months.

Confidential Correspondents.

D. S.—A letter addressed to Haverhill, Mass., would reach him.

LEARED O.—Derbyshire neck is another name for goitre, which is an enlargement of the glands of the throat, often becoming a great size, and it is very difficult to cure.

Q. Q.—The groom of the stole is the person who arrays a king in his robes for state ceremonial; in the case of a queen, it is the mistress of the robes. The two officers are almost identical.

READER.—The period commonly known as the "Dark Ages," embrace the first six centuries of the Middle Ages, which comprise the one thousand years commencing with the close of the fifth and ending with the close of the fifteenth centuries.

ESMERELDA.—The superstition is all nonsense. The so-called death watch is only a spider; the noise it makes is nothing but a call. It is a very destructive creature if it gets into books or furniture, the effect of its presence being like that of moths.

FLOWERS.—The four-leaved clover would be appropriate, for the meaning is "Be mine." The red chrysanthemum means "I love;" Arbor vitæ, "Live for me;" Calceolaria, "I offer you my fortune;" Forget-me-not, "True love;" Ivy, "Friendship, fidelity, marriage."

BALDWIN.—We do not profess to be versed in trichology, as the barbers now call the principles of their craft. Baldness appears to be hereditary with many people; at all events incurable when once it has set in. Quinine and cantharides form a useful wash, which is sold by most hairdressers.

B. B. L.—A woman who will indulge to excess in intoxicating liquors will be guilty of almost anything while under the influence of them, and can therefore not be trusted. There are many women in this city who drink to excess who claim to be respectable, and perhaps they are when sober. There is no sight, however, so despicable as that of a drunken woman.

J. H. W.—If you write with diluted nitrate of silver, when dry it will be invisible, but if held over a vessel containing sulphate of ammonia it will reappear. A letter written in a solution of muriate of cobalt, when dry will not be visible, but if held before a fire the lettering will be restored. A third chemical which may be used as an invisible ink is acetate of cobalt. A letter written in this, when dry will be found to have disappeared, but on being warmed will gradually come to view.

G. G.—The "Gabelle," mentioned in the French Revolution, was one of the many infamous taxes imposed on the French people prior to the Revolution. It was a tax on salt, and the monopoly of the State. Every one was obliged to buy daily a certain quantity of salt, under the penalty of a fine, according to the province in which he dwelt; the price also varied with the province. It could only be bought at the Government store-house, and it did not matter whether it was required or not. It was called duty salt.

JACKSON.—The sun is inconceivably hot. Professor Young uses the following striking illustration: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable space of 93,000,000 miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, nor in a minute, but in a single second: one swing of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction.

EOLIN.—Nineteen is rather an early age to be thinking of matrimony in these hard times, but, of course, some young men are more serious for their years than others; and if you are steady and industrious, in whatever business you may have been placed, there seems no reason why you should not be engaged. If both your parents, and the parents of her whom you wish to be your wife, see that you are hardworking, and that you are firmly determined to win your wife, any objections they may have will soon be overruled. If they consent to a conditional engagement only, you, at any rate, would not lose sight of her.

IN A FOG.—"This writer asks." 1. What is the proper course to pursue on becoming engaged? Is it necessary to present an engagement ring immediately, or is the engagement considered binding without it? 1. Is an engagement ring a distinct ring in itself, or would a gem or other ring, if given in token of the engagement, constitute an engagement ring? 2. It is customary to present one's betrothed with a ring of some description as a token of the engagement, but it is not absolutely necessary. 2. The choice of a ring is quite optional, and it may be set with any gems. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, and turquoises are those most used. There is a superstition against opals and emeralds—opals denoting change, emeralds jealousy.

C. G.—The Glasites are a Christian sect founded by the Rev. John Glas, a Presbyterian minister at Tealing, near Dundee. In 1728 he published a book, called "The Testimony of the King of Martyrs concerning His Kingdom," in which he opposes the establishment of national churches. Having been expelled from the church in 1728, he founded the sect called after his name. His son-in-law, Mr. Sandeman, embodying his opinions, carried them to a more extreme length, and in 1760 removed to London, and four years later to this country. In both places he gained several converts, and being better known than Mr. Glas, the Churches were named after him, calling themselves Sandemanians. There are still three or four churches belonging to his sect in existence.

INQUIRER.—At one time it was believed that black teas were produced by a different species from that which was used for green teas. Now, however, it is known that the difference in color results from difference in the mode of preparation. For green teas, the leaves are roasted almost as soon as gathered. After about five minutes' roasting, during which they give off a good deal of vapor, they are rolled with the hands on a table, returned to the pans, and kept in motion for about an hour, when the color becomes fixed. For black teas the leaves are allowed to be spread out in the air for some time after being gathered; they are then tossed about, roasted, and rolled, again exposed to the air, and, lastly, dried slowly over charcoal fires till the black color is well brought out.